



THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



AS ORDINARY PASSENGERS: PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES, AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES
CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles and her husband, Viscount Lascelles, travelled to Italy, via Calais and Paris, as ordinary passengers. Our

photograph shows the honeymoon couple on the deck of the cross-Channel steamer "Biarritz."—[Photograph by C.N.]

Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."



A Question of Real Importance. I have often protested against the amount of time and attention we accord to politics. A whole page of my daily paper is devoted to a record of what the various members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons said to each other. In addition to that, we have a couple of columns debating, breathlessly, whether the Prime Minister will or will not resign. I can settle the question in two words. He won't.

Furthermore, we have verbatim reports of speeches delivered here and there by politicians who refuse to die, called Ministers, and those who are very unwilling to die, called "Die-Hards." To top off, there is at least one leader on the situation in general.

In the meantime, what is happening to the population? I will tell you. Thousands of worthy citizens are going about with toothache, neuralgia, and similar complaints because nobody yet has contrived a sensible hat for winter wear. (I am talking, needless to say, of men's hats. The veriest idiot would scarcely waste his time contriving a sensible hat for female wear. They've got them.)

In Iceland, in Russia, in Switzerland, in Lapland, and other bracing climates, the men have warm head-gear, which renders them immune during the winter months. In England, which is not only just as cold as the countries I have mentioned, but draughtily as well, the silly men wear the same old bowler or the same old felt hat or the same old cap all the year round..

Let's Have a Fresh Paragraph. At the moment of writing, I am wearing a delightfully warm woollen cap usually seen on the heads of visitors to Switzerland for the winter sports. I bought it, in fact, for that purpose. But you don't need a woollen cap in Switzerland. Your head is never cold. You do need one in England, and you need it just as much out-of-doors as indoors.

I am writing indoors. When I have finished and go out into the damp and cold south-westerly wind to drop these Notes into the letter-box, subsequently proceeding on a walk of four to five miles for the benefit, not of myself (I hate it), but of my liver, I shall take off the woollen cap and put on a cold, unsympathetic, practically useless felt hat.

And why? Because I object to being accompanied on my walk by a jeering rabble of small boys. Small boys in the street are the real rulers of this country. You dare not do anything unconventional for fear of exciting their attention. But if all the men got together about this hat business, we could defy even the urchins of the gutter.

"Love in a Glass House." There's a pretty title for you! If I had a private income I would make a charming fairy-story of it, but there is no money in fairy stories unless you get them

COUNCIL got to hear of this fairy-like home. "What?" they cried. "*People living in a glass house?* Never heard of such a thing! It's never done! We must put a stop to it! They must be turned out at once, and the person to whom the glass house belongs must be punished for doing a thing which was never done, so far as we know, before!"

So the TOWN COUNCIL turned the lovers out of their glass house, and the sympathetic friend was pulled before the magistrates and fined twenty shillings for allowing people to live in a glass house.

I wonder what the TOWN COUNCIL would say to me if I walked down the street

in a woollen hat?

"What? A man in a woollen hat in England? A man without neuralgia or a cold in the head in England? Preposterous! Take his hat off, fling it away, and fine him twenty shillings! We'll show people in this country what we think of originality! We'll teach them to go about without a single snuffle!"

A Hint for the Spring.

I see from my calendar that spring is approaching. There is not much sign of it out-of-doors, and none at all indoors. But spring is certainly approaching, and you must be on your guard against the chills which most people get at that time of the year.

A doctor of my acquaintance — not the learned Scottish gentleman who does me the honour to look at my tongue, but a doctor who is more of a friend than a doctor — has

kindly given me a prescription which he guarantees as a preventive or cure for the ills of spring, autumn, winter, or even summer. I don't know what it contains, and I am sure the printer would be unable to reproduce the hieroglyphics in which doctors indulge, but here it is so far as I can read the thing—

Vini Caledonii - - - 2 oz.
Sacchari Albi - - - 1 teaspoon.
Syrupi Limonis - - - 2 teaspoons.
Pimentæ - - - ad gustum.
Aq. Bouillensis - - - ad ½ pint.
Sig. Capial octarium dimidium quaque semihora.

The Latin, I admit, looks a little weird. However, take it to your chemist and see what he says.



LONG-SKIRTED AND LOVELY: THE LADIES OF "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

The dresses worn in the Barrie play which follows "Loyalties" are arousing much interest by their beauty, and by the fact that six out of the seven have skirts which nearly reach the ground. Our photograph shows Miss Dorothy Warren in gold-coloured satin worn with bright-green shoes; Miss Muriel Pratt in a draped red-and-gold brocade model whose folds are caught with a jewelled ornament in red; Miss Meggie Albanesi in silver brocaded tissue with a flounce of black Chantilly lace hanging below its knee-length hem; Miss Cathleen Nesbitt in azalea-pink georgette sewn over with glass beads; Miss Elizabeth Pollock in black-and-white charmeuse; Miss Dorothy Massingham in petunia-coloured crêpe-de-Chine; and Lady Tree in net-and-bead embroidery (left to right).

Photograph by G.P.U.

set to music and call the result a comic opera. Even then the comedian gets the lion's share.

But this story, as it happens, is not a fairy story. I found the heading in a local paper, and the incident was further described as a romance of the housing shortage.

A gentleman, it seems, had a greenhouse and a summer-house at the back of his premises. A young couple, who were friends of his wife, and had nowhere to live, cast envious eyes at the greenhouse and summer-house. So the gentleman had them converted into a sitting-room and bedroom, and the dear young things made their nest in the glass house.

Could anything be more charming? Or more innocent? But they were reckoning without the TOWN COUNCIL. The TOWN

At the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham.



WITH HER SISTER: MISS RUBY MILLER,
THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS-MANAGER.



WATCHING THE PADDOCK PARADE: SIR VICTOR
AND LADY WARRENDER.



WITH THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON: MR.
H. A. BROWN, THE WELL-KNOWN TRAINER.



WITH MRS. SAM MARSH: CAPTAIN R. LAYES, WHO RODE
IN THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE.



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S UNMARRIED DAUGHTER:
LADY DIANA SOMERSET (CENTRE).

The National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham is always a favourite rendezvous for hunting people and all those who are interested in sport under National Hunt rules; and though the weather was rough on the first day, there was a big attendance. Miss Ruby Miller, the well-known actress, is shown in our photograph with her sister. Sir Victor Warrender, M.C., is the eighth Baronet, and the son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George

Warrender and of Lady Maud Warrender. He married Miss Dorothy Rawson in 1920. The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton is the wife of the Hon. Arthur Crichton, son of the fourth Earl of Erne, and a daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Walter Trefusis. Lady Diana Somerset, the unmarried daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, is a keen sportswoman and hunts regularly with her father's pack.

Photographs by Alfieri.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

Margot's
"Colourful
Close-ups."

My American mail brought me an amusing budget this week, including a pamphlet advertising Mrs. Asquith's lectures. It is issued by her manager, Lee Keedick, and describes Margot's "shows" in

we could talk as she does, casually leaning against a little table. . . . We admire also her versatility of delivery. At various points in her lecture she whistled in imitation of a small boy clerking in a jewellery store, imitated the Scottish dialect of a drunken elder, and introduced a snatch of a minuet in order to show what dancing was before the days of jazz. Yes, it seemed to us an excellent show, and yesterday there was no demand for a refund from any disgruntled spectator. On the contrary, everybody appeared to be entirely grunted with the affair." Judging from this account, Margot does seem to be in good form since she arrived in the U.S.A.!

Another vignette from the dry country which seems to find our Mrs. Asquith almost as exhilarating as a magnum of the forbidden "fizz" runs as follows: "She was anxious to please—frankly and naively so. At one point in her lecture she stepped forward to the footlights and, with a gesture that reminded one a little of Maud Adams in 'Peter Pan,' said: 'Can you hear me up there?' From the gallery came the answer, 'Yes, yes.' From the English reader's point of view, the Peter Pan comparison seems quaint. Is it possible that the reporter was thinking of Wendy's question, 'Do you believe in fairies?'"

Grandes Dames. This instructive article is, after all, meant to enlighten the world on the doings of the socially conspicuous, and yet the people in Society who interest Jane most are the obscure *grandes dames* who are slipping through life loving every moment of it because to them great positions means great obligations and

great responsibilities and grand opportunities. By the irony of things, they will not let their light shine before the world—not in Society articles. They go on ventilating their own ideal villages, and bringing up soldier sons, and daughters who presently will take their places as simple V.A.D.s (if England need them) or at munition factories or driving motor-lorries. They make beautiful gardens, and enjoy the literature of several languages and the art of all the ages. They are the ladies Jane loves. But London overlooks them. Perhaps that is why they have leisure to grow more and more lovable. And the only climbers they tolerate are crimson ramblers and Miss Dorothy Perkins.

At Olympia. Talking of gardens, the one I liked best at the Horticultural part of the Ideal Home Exhibition was the rock and water garden supposed to have been designed by Princess Mary. Though I can't help wondering how her Royal Highness found time to design even the least yard of it! Indeed, one confidential attendant admitted that it was only called Princess Mary's garden because it was the nearest copy of nature in the whole exhibition—the highest garden-art, like all other, being the art that most successfully conceals art.

There is a delightful water-fall. There are anemones and arabis and little wild-looking cyclamen flowers. There are gentiana of every species and dwarf conifers, primula and saxifraga, wild thyme, veronica and

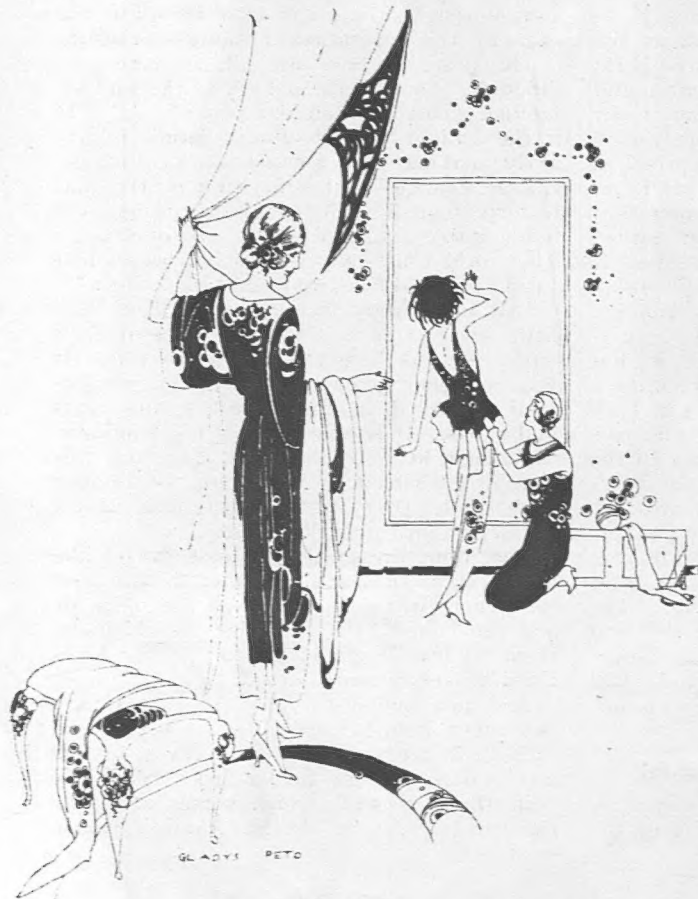
heartsease—a great family whose very names suggest to you hours of sweetness.

The next best is the garden credited to the Queen of the Belgians—an all-blue garden where great borders of double hyacinths lead to a sunken pond where water-lilies grow. But this, like all the other gardens, did not really make me forget that it was just make-believe. The impression was merely one of glorious colour and fragrance somewhat overwhelmed by the consciousness of the expense of it. Bulbs nowadays can only be bought by war-profiteers.

The number of gardens with stiff crazy-pavements made me home-sick. Tucked away in the folds of the loveliest hills in England, I know of an old crazy-pavement that is as much lovelier than any of these as the blue of heaven is lovelier than the muslin awning over the whole of Olympian horticulture.

Captain Dane and Miss Wingate.

A very pretty wedding was that of Miss Victoria Wingate to Captain Dane. The bride, who is a god-daughter of Queen Victoria, is the only daughter of General Sir Reginald and Lady Wingate of Dunbar. Sir Reginald is, of course, or was, our High Commissioner in Egypt, and the organiser of numerous perilous expeditions for the pacification of the Sudan, including the reconquest of the Province of Darfur in 1916. He also commanded the Hedjaz operations, and is the author of those interesting books, "Mahdism and the Egyptian Sudan," and "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp." He is a Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery.



1. Angela is going on a visit to Auntie Clara in the country, so she buys lots and lots of new clothes.

the following terms: "Drawing upon her almost inexhaustible fund of reminiscence, Mrs. Asquith gives colourful, close-up views of the various celebrities she has known, with a power of description having all the fascination of the greatest historical narrative." Margot's impresario certainly knows how to present "the goods."

Some of the critiques of the now very successful lectures afford amusing reading. To begin with, the lectures were a social event. If the New York journalist wants to explain that the audience was made up of people "who count," he just says nonchalantly that "her audience was of the sort which pronounces 'chauve-souris' properly." "Speaking of applause," says another writer, "an abundant share went to the slender Englishwoman. What she said stirred ripples, but her personality got the wave, to continue the watery metaphor. She acknowledged the tribute with bows and by waving her hands to the audience, chiefly women."

Staging a
"Sensational
Come-Back."

Over here we did not all know how to describe Margot's literary efforts. It needs an American epigram to crystallise them. On the other side, they say it needs British pluck to "stage a somewhat sensational 'come-back.'" Rather a good phrase, don't you think? The best account of Mrs. Asquith's lecture is, however, from Mr. Heywood Broun, who writes as follows (I must quote it!): "The platform manner of Margot Asquith fills us with envy. We wish



2. Algy is surprised that she requires so much luggage; but the intelligent reader, remarking the labels in her hand, will not think it so odd.

Captain Dane is a son of Sir Louis Dane, who is so well known in India as a distinguished Civil Servant, and was Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab for several years. Captain Henry Dane is in the Indian Army. The wedding was solemnised at St. George's, Hanover Square, by Prebendary Thicknesse, the Rector, and the Rev. P. J. Wigan, of Tewkesbury.

Miss Wingate looked charming in a pure white georgette gown embroidered in little bugles, and with a long train of silver tissue draped with beautiful old Brussels lace. Her tulle veil, her sheaf of white lilac, her retinue of bridesmaids in pure white except for touches of turquoise-blue, their bouquets of fresh daffodils, all reminded one that spring was really come, though most of the guests were in wintry furs, owing to the inclemency of the weather.

Among the many, I saw the Princess Royal, who arrived with Princess Maud. Her Royal Highness wore a grey gown, and her daughter was in a becoming mauve velvet. Lady Edwina Lewin (the late Lord Roberts' younger daughter, and the heir to the title now held by her only sister) arrived with Colonel Lewin. The bride's mother, Lady Wingate, was in black embroidered in silver, and she carried a bouquet of violets mixed with pale pink carnations. Lady Dane, the bridegroom's mother, wore a becoming ermine cape over a gown of black velvet and old lace.

Others present included the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe and her daughter, Lady Victoria Villiers, Lady Stamford and her daughter, Lady Jane Grey, Lady Frances Balfour, General Sir Charles and Lady Hunter, Sir Francis and Lady Younghusband (Sir Francis is, of course, the eminent soldier who transferred to the Indian Political Department and made explorations in, and Government of India Missions to, Manchuria, and, after many other expeditions, was Resident in Indore, British Commissioner to Tibet, Resident in Kashmir, and is now, I think, President of the Royal Geographical Society).

Travellers.

I have a longing, after all, to follow Royalty to Italy or anywhere to the South. Princess Beatrice has gone to Palermo, and expects to be absent for about two months, which rather looks as though the contemplated visit of her daughter, the Queen of Spain, to London may not take place till well on in the summer.

Princess Mary, who returned for one day and night to Buckingham Palace after her week at Weston Park, Shifnal, left for Italy next day with Lord Lascelles—surely an ideal cicerone for a first visit to all Englishmen's other home, as Italy has been described since she was immortalised for us by Shelley and Byron, the two Brownings, and countless others.

Lord Lascelles is a much-travelled man for a Guardsman, and knows his Italy well. He was Honorary Attaché in Rome for several

years, and his artistic sense will be an accurate guide to his Royal bride, who has never been out of England except for a brief visit to France immediately after the war to review the Girl Guides.

The Duke of Connaught is still at his villa near Beaulieu, where Lady Patricia Ramsay

meant to join him if the duties of her husband (he is still our Naval Attaché in Paris) would allow him to accompany her. Captain Alexander Ramsay is very popular at the Embassy and with all Diplomatic and French society; but since the war, work at all our principal Embassies and Legations has increased fourfold for everyone, and leave is not the fluid thing it used to be—not even "French-leave." It is not generally known that officers in both the Army and the Navy related to the Throne are as strict as, if not more strict than, any others with regard to routine work or order of discipline. The King is very loyal to his own Royal decrees, and will have no exceptions made for anyone.

Dinners for Royalty.

And, talking of the

King, quite a flutter has been caused in the hearts of would-be hostesses of Majesty. Since the wedding several have been known to feel their way in the hope of having a Royal command to give a dinner-party. For, of course, their Majesties cannot be asked to dine in the ordinary way. The would-be hostess merely lets a courtier know that she would be deeply honoured by the presence of the King and Queen at dinner, and in the course of time, if the lady is *persona grata*, the command is issued, a list of guests is submitted to the Lord Chamberlain for their Majesties' approval, and all is well.

A tactful hostess who is not sure that her suggestion will be welcome will make it *verbally* to a courtier who is a personal friend, as, if no other notice is taken, she can explain an uncomfortable silence by trying to hope that the suggestion was merely too informal to be remembered by the courtier.

Etiquette at Royal dinner-parties is very strict. The guests must be assembled a full quarter-of-an-hour before the time fixed for the arrival of their Majesties. The host and hostess receive them at the front door and lead them to the room where the guests stand in a circle. The

hostess then presents each guest to the King, and the host walks round with the Queen presenting each guest, with whom

both their Majesties shake hands—though usually the guests are old friends who do not need to be presented. No one in England has so accurate a memory for faces as every member of the Royal Family has, and their tact and courtesy in invariably talking to subjects on matters of their own particular interest is too well known to need repetition.

The Grand Military.

Actually the Grand Military this week! The event is a landmark, but, like so many of the old pre-war joys, it fills me with a conviction that nothing can ever be quite the same for this generation of young men again.

The post-war boys are all, somehow, so different. Or is it the old cry of the soul for familiar faces and familiar places? . . . Is it the ordinary signal of one decade reluctantly making way for another? Change, change, change—that suffers not sentimental retrospect gladly—change as disturbing as it is inevitable . . . and yet, what would you? The world must move. The old horses had to go. The old faces we loved—bless them!—old Grand Military meetings gave them their little bit of fun in the last spring of their days. It was here they learnt to ride. It was here they loved to display their women-kind bedecked in the newest spring coats and skirts. It is here, at dear old Sandown, that their little brothers will entertain this year in the Green Jackets' tent, the Cavalry Club tent, the Guards' tent, the Royal Artillery tent, and all the rest.

And Jane, dressed in her best, would like to entertain the entire Cabinet to luncheon somewhere in the open, where the fresh air and the honest eyes of soldiers would move them to love England as the soldier loves England—even unto death.

And just one word more, so that I may end on a light-hearted note! Ankles will soon be in retirement in the evening, for the lovely dresses worn in Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" which comes after the Galsworthy play at the St. Martin's, nearly



3. Algy says he means to stay very quietly at home while she is away; but somebody very like him was seen going towards the boat train.



4. With this possibly not very surprising result.

all touch the ground. This is really an exciting innovation, and I thought the long frocks lovely! IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

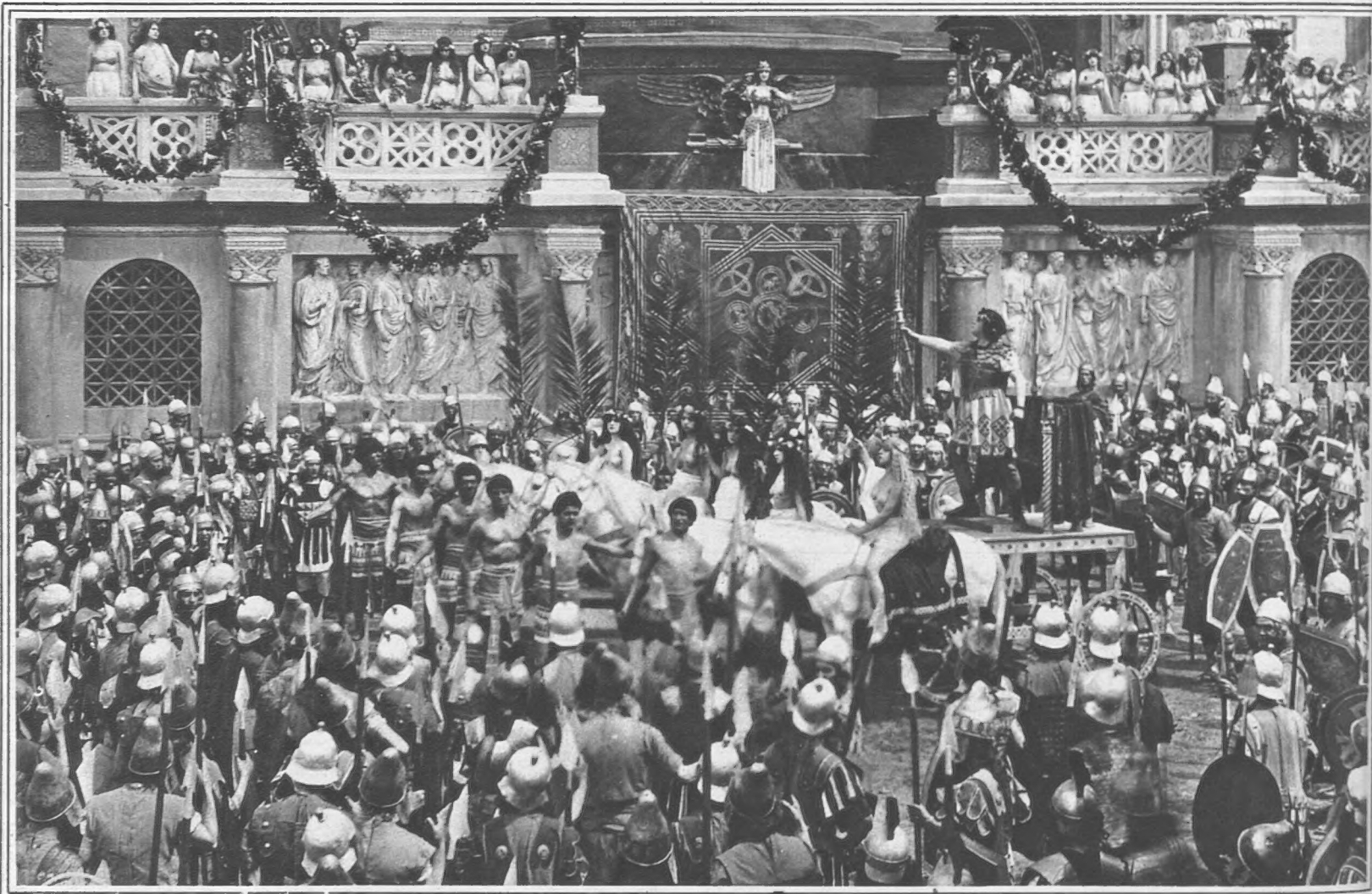
IMPERIAL PURPLE PASSIONS ON THE



THEODORA AND HER LOVER ANDREA: MISS RITA JOLIVET AS THE DISSOLUTE EMPRESS.



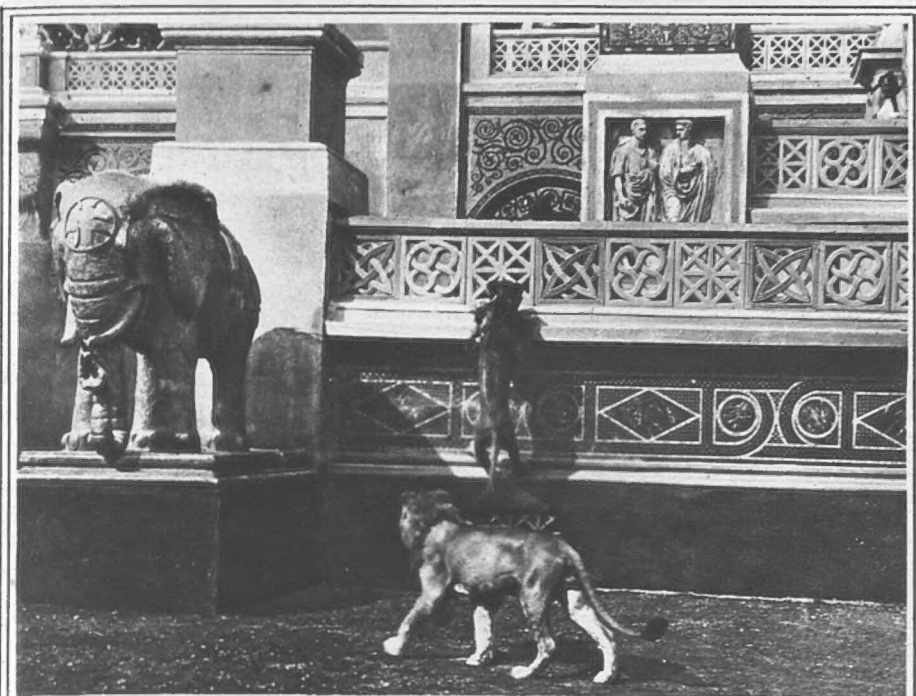
ANDREA'S DEATH: QUEEN THEODORA POISONS HER LOVER WITH A SUPPOSED LOVE-POTION.



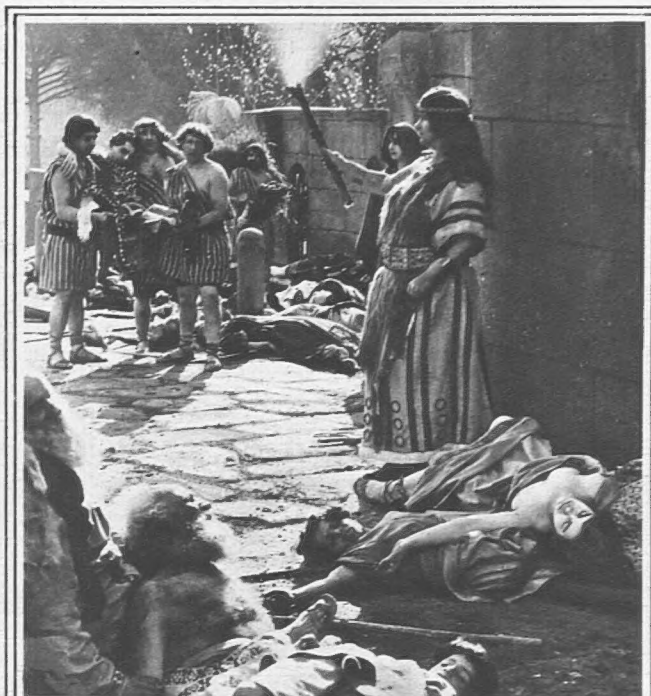
BYZANTIUM UNDER THE EMPEROR JUSTINIAN: ONE OF THE SPECTACULAR SCENES IN "THEODORA."

"Theodora," the latest spectacular film, comes from Italy, and was shown for the first time at Covent Garden on Sunday night, where it is presented by Mr. W. F. Wanger. It is based on Sardou's play, and cost over £750,000 to produce. The screen is the story of Theodora, the dissolute wife of the Emperor Justinian of Byzantium. Her lover Andrea, unaware of her identity, confides to her the secret of a plot to overthrow Justinian. Theodora reveals this to her husband, and the conspirators are arrested. Marcello, the friend of Andrea, is tortured;

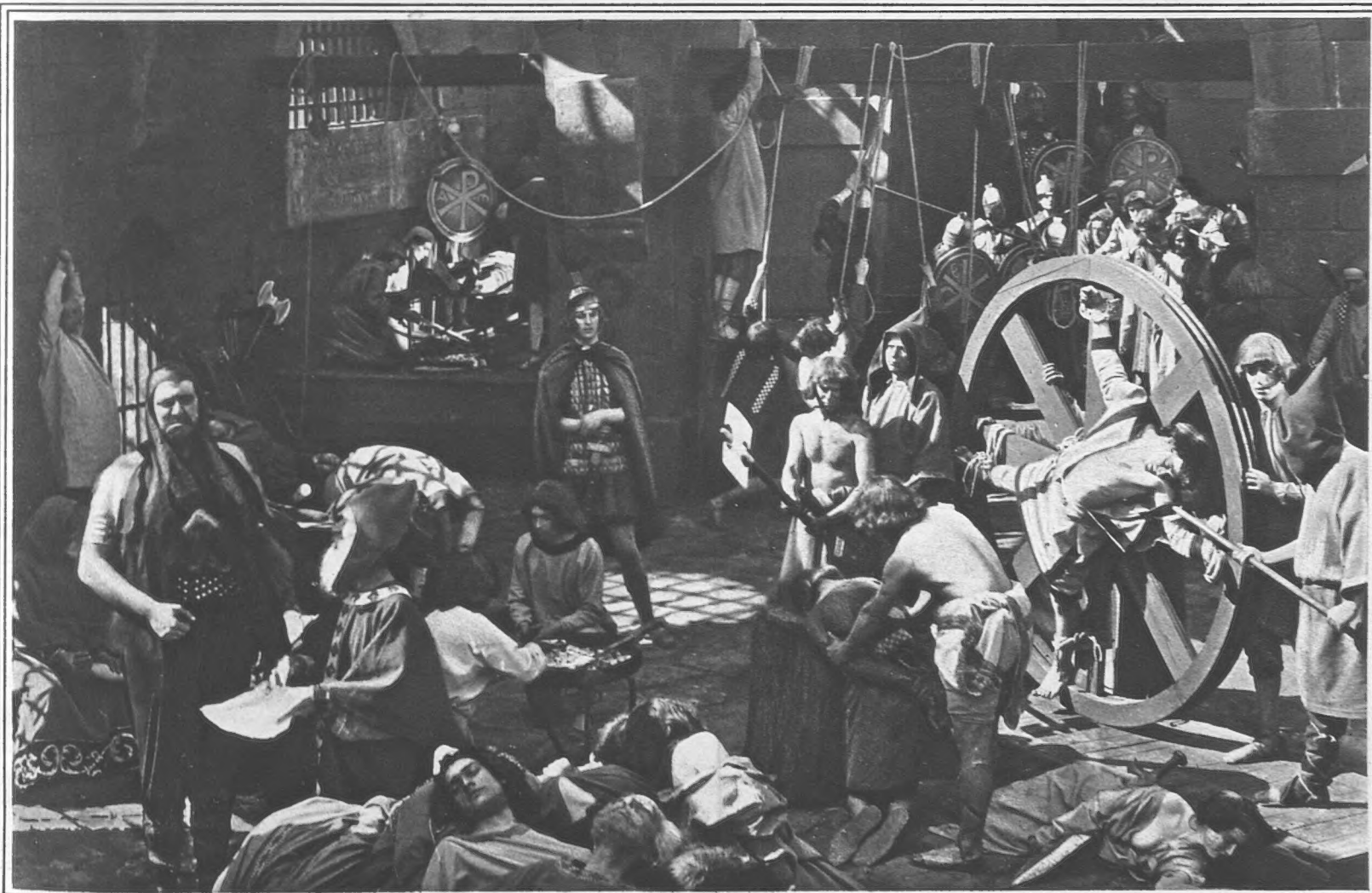
SCREEN: "THEODORA," AT COVENT GARDEN.



THE ARENA AT BISANZIUM: TWO OF THE LIONS WHO ARE LET LOOSE AMONG THE PRISONERS.



THEODORA'S LOVER MAULED BY LIONS: BRINGING IN ANDREA.



A HEARTRENDING SCENE: THE TORTURE-CHAMBER IN JUSTINIAN'S PALACE.

but before he can implicate Andrea, Theodora kills him. A revolt breaks out, and when Theodora shows herself to the infuriated mob, Andrea recognises her as his treacherous mistress. Theodora then obtains a love-potion from a witch which she intends to administer to Justinian, but changes her mind and gives it to Andrea. The potion is poison. Andrea dies, and the film ends with the execution of Theodora, as Justinian has discovered her guilt. The spectacular scenes of this film are of a sensational description, and include a picture of the arena with live lions.

Transmogrification by Love: Pinerotic Allegory.



AS SHE IS, AND AS OLIVER SEES HER: MISS LAURA COWIE AS LAURA IN "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE."

On our facing page we show the hero of Pinerot's allegorical fantasy, "The Enchanted Cottage," at the Duke of York's, and the above photographs illustrate the heroine. Laura Pennington is played by one of our most beautiful actresses, Miss Laura Cowie; but in the

early part of the piece she makes herself up as the unattractive girl whom the war-wreck marries—"faute de mieux." When the power of love has transmogrified both Laura and Oliver the audience is allowed to see Miss Cowie as herself, for, in Oliver's eyes, she is beautiful.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Transmogrification by Love: Pinero's Fantasy.



AS WAR MADE HIM AND AS LAURA SEES HIM: MR. OWEN NARES AS OLIVER IN "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE."

The new Pinero play, "The Enchanted Cottage," at the Duke of York's, is a fantasy which expounds the power of love. Oliver Bashford's physique has been wrecked by the war. He is a nervy and crippled man who marries a plain girl because he cannot hope for a beautiful bride. In the "Enchanted Cottage," where the young couple go to live,

Oliver becomes straight and handsome again, and Laura Pennington (Miss Laura Cowie) blossoms into beauty; but when the tiresome relations come to call they find the young couple as they were—plain and twisted. The allegory that love alters the lovers in each other's eyes—that beauty is in the eye of the beholder—is faithfully expounded.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

On Foot, on Horseback, and in Pram: Well-Known Folk.



Lady Dalkeith
with her baby and its nurse.



The Earl
and Countess of Granard.



The Hon.
Joan Dickson-
Poynder
and Miss Ava Bedley
(right)



Lady Moyra
Cavendish
and one of her
daughters.



Lady Pembroke
and her daughter,
Lady Patricia Herbert.



Lady Chesham.



The Hon.
Mrs. Lionel Tennyson.



Lady Ida Ramsay; Lady Joan Ramsay and Miss Barwick (left to right)

THE FIRST DAYS OF SPRING: SOCIETY TAKES EXERCISE IN THE PARK.

Lady Dalkeith is the wife of the Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch. Married last year, she was formerly Miss Mollie Lascelles, and has a baby girl. The Earl and Countess of Granard are lending their house in the Rue de Varenne to Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles for their honeymoon Paris visit: Lady Granard was formerly Miss Beatrice Ogden Mills. The Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder is the only

child of Lord Islington. Lady Moyra Cavendish is the wife of Lord Richard Cavendish, brother to the Duke of Devonshire. Lady Patricia Herbert is the only daughter of the Earl of Pembroke. Lady Chesham was formerly Miss Margot Mills. The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson is the daughter of the first Baron Glenconner. Lady Ida Ramsay and Lady Joan Ramsay are the daughters of the Earl of Dalhousie.

Photographs by T.P.A., and Aitken.

A Family Study.



WITH DIANA AND ZARA: LADY MAINWARING, THE WIFE OF SIR HARRY STAPLETON MAINWARING.

Lady Mainwaring is the wife of Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring, fifth Baronet, of Over-Peover, Cheshire, and is the daughter of Sir Richard Henry Williams-Bulkeley, twelfth Baronet. She was married in 1913, and has two little daughters—Diana Eira Claude, born in 1914; and

Zara Sophie Kathleen Mary, who is three years younger. Lady Mainwaring is one of the most beautiful women in Society, and her little daughters give promise of loveliness too. She is a very keen sports-woman, and hunts regularly in the Shires.

PORTRAIT STUDY EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH";

By Marcus Adams, *The Children's Studio*, 43, Dover Street, W.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HUNT POINT-TO.



LORD EDNAM, MRS. CYRIL WARD, LADY EDNAM, AND MRS. CAPEL (L. TO R.).

WITH MISS HARFORD: MRS. HUNTRISS.



MISS V. PETHICK, MISS PETHICK, MRS. SUTTON, BARON F. DE TUYLL, AND MRS. BANKIER (L. TO R.).



MISS MILES, LADY MARGARET LINDSAY, AND MAJOR MILES.

The Duke of Beaufort's Hunt Point-to-Point Races were held at Bushton. Our photographs show some of the spectators who assembled for the event. Lord Ednam is the son of the Earl of Dudley. He married the daughter of the fourth Duke of Sutherland in 1919, and has a small son, born in 1920. Baron F. de Tuyl is the son of the Duchess of Beaufort by her first marriage. Lady Margaret Lindsay is the eldest daughter of

POINT RACES: SNAPSHOTS FROM BUSHTON.



MISS DUDLEY, MRS. KINGSCOTE, MRS. IVISLEY AND MRS. LORD (L. TO R.).



WITH THE MISSES FULLER: COLONEL BRINTON.



MRS. C.

the Earl
Viscount
married



MILLS,

VISCOUNTESS COKE, LADY AMY COATES,
AND CAPTAIN COATES.

Wellesley is the half-sister of Earl Cowley, and was born in 1914.
She is the daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Walter Trefusis.



JUNE, THE DANCER OF "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE,"
IN HER PRACTICE DRESS

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

- *"LOYALTIES"; AND "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" (ST. MARTIN'S).
One of the best Galsworthy plays, dealing with a theft case in high Society. Excellent characterisation and capital acting throughout, especially in the case of the two dual rôles, played by Mr. J. H. Roberts and Mr. Ben Field. Followed by Barrie's very amusing "unfinished" work.
- *"PEER GYNT" (THE OLD VIC).
The first public production in London. "Gloom" that is attracting packed houses.
- "THE LADY OF THE ROSE" (DALY'S).
The best Daly piece since the war. Good music and, for a change, an interesting plot. Especially notable for a fine performance by Harry Welchman. Phyllis Dare and Huntley Wright at their best.
- "THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" (GLOBE).
A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.
- "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).
Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.
- "THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).
The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry; and excellent "support."
- "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).
Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.
- "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).
A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.
- "THE FAITHFUL HEART" (COMEDY).
The story of a love affair; a career; and an unexpected daughter, who causes the Staff Colonel, her father, to go back to the Mercantile Marine as a Captain. A most convincing play.

PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

- *1. "THE YELLOW JACKET" (KINGSWAY).
A welcome revival, with Mr. Holman Clark as excellent as before, as the bored Property Man.
- 2. "ENTER MADAME" (ROYALTY).
A comedy. Not particularly good as a play, but notable for brilliant acting, especially by one of the authors, Miss Gilda Varesi, as a temperamental prima-donna.

- 3. "MIXED MARRIAGE" (AMBASSADORS).
The Irish Players in St. John Ervine's drama, with a not-too-cheerful ending. Roman Catholic and Protestant in Belfast. Exceptionally good acting and a very well written play.
- 4. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).
A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained till the end.
- 5. GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).
An interesting series of plays. The most gruesome of the quintet is "The Regiment," a drama new here, and distinctly too horrible for the average British playgoer.
- 6. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).
Mr. Cochran's successful revue. Second attractive version, with new scenes and dances.
- 7. "POT LUCK!" (VAUDEVILLE).
A Cabaret Show, with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Hulbert excellent.
- 8. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).
Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.
- 9. "BULLDOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S).
By "Sapper." Described by Sir Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, hot-and-strong melodrama.
- 10. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).
Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.
- 11. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).
Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.
- 12. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).
An amusing "Folkyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment. New programme.
- 13. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).
The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmuttery comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.
- 14. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE).
A picturesque swagger adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero, with pig-tail.
- 15. "THE PIGEON" (COURT).
The second of the Galsworthy cycle. A rather depressing play, but well acted.
- 16. "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE" (DUKE OF YORK'S).
Interesting as being a new Pinero play. Otherwise undistinguished, except for the acting. Barrie-esque, but not well handled in that master's manner.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "The Golden Moth";

Photographs by Tom Aitkin and

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"Peer Gynt" Publicly Produced in England.



AS THE HERO OF IBSEN'S DRAMATIC POEM: MR. RUSSELL THORNDIKE AT THE "OLD VIC."

The Old Vic. production of "Peer Gynt" is an artistic event, for it has been customary to state that Ibsen's dramatic poem is "un-producible" on an English stage and would not be "endured" by an English audience; but when it was given publicly for the first time in the "people's theatre" last week, every seat and every inch of legitimate standing room were full, and the audience sat spellbound

throughout the performance. Mr. Russell Thorndike reached the height of his attainment in the scene with Miss Florence Buckton when Peer Gynt returns to his mother's bedside. In this scene Ibsen produced a strange compound of the tender, the ironic, and the fantastic, and Mr. Russell Thorndike and Miss Florence Buckton captured its magical beauty.—[*Photograph by C. Pollard Croxiter, F.R.P.S.*]



The Clubman in Search of a Restaurant.

Once upon a time—twenty years ago, say—I knew the restaurants of Soho very well. It would probably be true to say that the great, inquiring suburban public had not then discovered all that Soho has to offer in the way of cheap and palatable meals; but I do know that a number of cocksure young men, including myself, cherished the belief that they had lighted upon culinary havens unknown save to the elect. No doubt, there are young fellows of to-day who similarly preen themselves; and even in these times, when a secret is a secret if it be kept five minutes, the small restaurants of Old Compton Street and its tributary streets are rarely invaded by casual visitors to London's night centres.

I recall that my first Soho restaurant was Roche's, at the back of the Palace Theatre—a long narrow place that ran far back, three rooms thrown into one. "Le Diner Français" appeared in large letters on the glass door; immediately on the left as you entered was a high, wide desk at which sat two calm, eternally busy women cashiers; and also what quickly caught the eye were two long tables at which diners who came in alone were expected to seat themselves. In those happy days three men in particular I remember as regular occupants of the long tables—an actor, an old Harrovian, who never seemed to be out of a part in one of the fashionable drawing-room plays of the moment; a dapper individual who flourished as a boxing and wrestling promoter; and the West End's tallest man-about-town, W. B. Jemmett, who stood six-feet-nine and was well proportioned too.

Jemmett was a most versatile man. He had a distinct eye for furniture and a gift for artistic house decoration; then for a while he ran a labour bureau in Lambeth; in the war I heard of a tremendously tall Jemmett doing imposing work sorting out the road traffic in the critical days of 1918, when the Boche was aiming for Amiens *via* Villers-Bretonneux, and I am sure it must have been this Jemmett.

Anyhow, Roche's was a picturesque place altogether. Your dinner cost you 1s. 6d., and you were given a choice of *hors d'œuvre* or soup, fish, an entrée, and sweets or cheese. The portions were small, but the cookery was first-class, and there was unlimited supply of crisp French bread, which you saw stacked on a side-table—yards of it. M. Roche was succeeded by M. Béquinot, and in those days rumour had it that before purchasing the restaurant M. Béquinot had been *chef* to a famous English nobleman. By now the London folk who first made acquaintance with French cooking at Béquinot's must be numbered in the thousands.

Peripatetic Prandialists.

And next was the Restaurant des Gourmets, in Lisle Street—one tiny room then, and not nearly so smart as it is now; more cosmopolitan in atmosphere than Roche's: a bustling little place where the meal was *à la carte*, and also amazingly cheap and good. I remember that soup cost 2d., and *gigot haricot* 6d.; and I recall the small bowl in which the waiter brought your salad, and the swift, confident way he mixed it for you. They were indeed educative days.

Soon after these first visits to Soho I and four other young men arranged to meet every Thursday and to try a fresh small restaurant each week. We did the Café d'Italie, and the

Mont Blanc, and a most excellent Brice restaurant, and the Lyric, and a little Italian eating place behind the Palace Theatre where we first sampled zabaglione.

But in the course of time we found ourselves in that restaurant in Old Compton Street which has a ground-glass lantern hung outside the door, and little casemented windows in white frames, and muslin curtains, the Petit Riche. And M. Legal, the proprietor, was so dignified and courteous, and Madame his wife so persistent in looking after us, and their two beautiful daughters so charming and gracious, not to mention the smiling, friendly little French waitresses, that for very many weeks we forgot that the

spirits spread the story that he was a Russian of noble birth exiled from his country. But, as I have said, there were novelists who used to patronise the Petit Riche.

Peter Gallina's White Jacket.

I remember, too, when the Rendezvous started in one room in Dean Street, and Peter Gallina created something of an innovation by coming from the kitchen to the restaurant—wearing a spotlessly white double-breasted jacket and an enormous black cravat—to see how his patrons liked the dishes he had cooked for them. The Rendezvous grew, and Peter became a sort of King of Dean Street, with another hotel and restaurant and a confectioner's shop. He kept his health in the midst of all these activities by being a diligent rider in the Row. The Rendezvous, now under new management, remains one of the prosperous concerns of Soho.

The Treviglio and the Ivy.

To-day, the best-known small restaurants—I have not mentioned Kettner's, which grew into fame about the same time as the Café Royal and Diennonné's (now the Eccentric Club)—aim at higher things, and their prices have gone up too.

The Treviglio, in Church Street, was first, perhaps, to show itself ambitious. When you noted men of experience like Alfred Butt and Ernest Polden going there pretty regularly for lunch, and occasionally saw Mrs. George Keppel giving parties, you knew that this new Italian restaurant was something out of the ordinary.

The Mars Restaurant and the Moulin d'Or have also built up for themselves a faithful *clientèle*; but the restaurant which deservedly has made great strides since the war has been the Ivy, opposite the Ambassadors' Theatre. From one small room it has developed into an imposing two-floor establishment, and you can get as good food there as anywhere in London, or, if it comes to that, in Paris.

The Ice-Bucket.

I got a particularly good impression of the Ivy the very first time I visited the restaurant. It was on a hot evening in the summer of 1910, and I said I would drink a bottle of still mineral water with the cutlet I ordered. That bottle was brought in an ice-bucket; and M. Abel, the proprietor, superintended its carriage to the table with as much suave ceremony as if I had asked for a magnum of Clicquot 1911. The incident gave one the feeling that with such polished and courtly service the place must be well conducted.

Stage and Politics Together.

There's another thing about the Ivy: stage folk and politicians cling to it. You cannot go there without finding West End or Westminster favourites. Only the other day Donald Calthrop was at one table, meditating upon a new play; while close by were Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill—the former paying less attention to his food than to the brightening of a speech he had under preparation; the latter a little anxious that the Minister should remember the Interior.

In the course of a very short time I saw there Princess Marie Louise, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Mr. George Robey, Mr. Owen Nares, Lady Astor, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Arthur Balfour—then Garterless and still a Mister—Lord Morley, Sir Eric Geddes, Mr. Birrell, Lord Haldane, Lady Lavery, Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, Dame Melba, Dame Clara Butt, Miss Gladys Cooper, and Lady Bonham Carter.



AS "MISS STUDDY" AT THE SKETCH CLUB BALL: MISS ARNOLD IN A DOGGY FANCY DRESS.

Miss Arnold wore this original fancy dress at the Sketch Club Ball. "Sketch" readers will recognise the creations of that clever canine artist Mr. G. E. Studdy on her dress.—[Photograph by Oxford Studios.]

purpose of our association was to go from restaurant to restaurant. The Petit Riche *clientèle* was more English than that of most of the other Soho restaurants; the place has been described by some of the novelists; and I believe that its distinctive Breton atmosphere has been faithfully maintained up to to-day. M. Legal and his good wife have long since retired to France, but I shall always remember Madame's shrill cry, "Alexandre!" when you ordered wine and she called for the waiter who had to fetch it from a wine-shop not far away. Alexandre was so grave and silent that some bright

This Week's Studdy.



"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

"If Love the Virgin's Heart Invade."



MRS. PEACHUM, OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA": MISS ELSIE FRENCH.

Miss Elsie French created the rôle of Mrs. Peachum when "The Beggar's Opera" was produced at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, in June 1920, and is still playing her original part. She brings great gusto to her rôle

and achieves the spirit of the eighteenth century with success. Several new songs were recently introduced into the production, and Mrs. Peachum now has "If Love the Virgin's Heart Invade" as one of her numbers.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY STAGE PHOTO CO.

"The Turtle-Dove with Plaintive Crying."



THE LATEST POLLY PEACHUM: MISS KATHLYN HILLIARD, OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

Miss Kathlyn Hilliard is now playing Polly Peachum in the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, production of "The Beggar's Opera," and has won great praise for her performance. It will be remembered that the rôle was created by Miss Sylvia Nelis, and subsequently played by

Miss Katherine Arkandy, who has since been appearing in Germany as the prima-donna of the Munich State Opera. Miss Kathlyn Hilliard makes a very charming Polly. One of the new numbers introduced into her rôle is "The Turtle Dove with Plaintive Crying."

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY BASSANO.

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"WHAT—FOUR WIVES MORE? THIS IS TOO MUCH... I AM READY!" MR. FREDERICK RANALOW AS MACHEATH.

ON THE SCAFFOLD.

Mr. Frederick Ranalow created and is still playing the rôle of Captain Macheath in Mr. Nigel, Playfair's production of "The Beggar's Opera," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, which began its phenomenal run in June 1920, and is still going strong. Some new musical numbers were recently introduced, and include the famous "Lillibullero," the great political

song of the period, and, it will be remembered, the ditty which Uncle Toby is always whistling in "Tristram Shandy." Our pages illustrate Captain Macheath on the scaffold, calling to the Sheriff's officers that he is ready, since the final quota of another "four wives" has appeared to bid him farewell. He is not, of course, hanged in the end.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY STAGE PHOTO CO.

The Art of Claude Shepperson.



A STUDY FOR "VENUS AND ADONIS"—BY THE LATE CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.A.

A Memorial Exhibition of works by the late Claude A. Shepperson, A.R.A., A.R.W.S., opened last week at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester

Square. Our page shows an interesting drawing on view at the exhibition. One rarely sees a nude by Shepperson.

From the Drawing by the late Claude A. Shepperson, by Courtesy of the Leicester Galleries. (Copyright Strictly Reserved.)

The Beautiful Daughter of a Beauty.



FORMERLY MISS IRIS BENNETT : MRS. "DICK" WYNDHAM.

Mrs. Dick Wyndham is the wife of Captain Dick Wyndham, M.C., 60th Rifles, the son of Colonel Guy Percy Wyndham, C.B., M.V.O., and great-grandson of the first Baron Leconfield. She is the daughter of Mr. Percy Bennett, C.M.G., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister

Plenipotentiary to Panama, and was married in 1920. Mrs. Wyndham, who has a little girl, born last year, is very like her mother, Mrs. Percy Bennett, who is one of the most beautiful women in Society, and the daughter of Mr. E. C. Youell, of Galatz.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY T. PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.B.E.

Finalists in the Inter-Hospital Rugby Cup Tie.



MEETING THE LONDON HOSPITAL TO-DAY: GUY'S—WHERE THERE ARE NO WOMEN

Guy's Hospital, the holders of the Inter-Hospital Rugby Football Cup, defeated Bart's by a placed goal and four tries (17 points to 0) in the semi-final at Richmond, and are due to meet the London Hospital in the final to-day (March 15). Rugger has been dragged into the controversy now raging on the subject of the banning of women medical students, for a correspondent pointed out that "the medical schools are very proud of

their athletic side, and are anxious to have a large number of good men to pick their teams from. It has been found that the rather masculine type of man . . . seems to dislike studying with women. You have only to look over the list of winning Rugby teams to see this. Guy's, where there are no women, tops the list." "Sketch" readers will know that Guy's colours are blue and yellow.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.



Tales with a sting.

ROMANCE.

By LOUISE HEILGERS. (Author of "Tablet Tales," etc.)

THE Embankment at 2 a.m. of a November morning is scarcely the sort of place where even an optimist expects to run across Romance, it being mostly the down-and-out of the most pronounced type who occupies the benches beneath the plane-trees—in the intervals, that is, of dodging the attentions of the police and Salvation Army people.

But Monty Crewe, returning home from an even more than usually hectic binge, at least found no difficulty, even in his slightly fuddled state, of recognising Romance where he saw it trembling before him like a butterfly among the black and grey shadows of the Embankment.

He was driving his own car, but, to use his own language, he "hopped out of it like a bird" and barely a second later had overtaken the girl just on the point of seating herself upon one of those melancholy benches beneath one of those melancholy plane-trees, standing, devoid both of leaves and happy secrets, poised above their heads like a furled umbrella.

"I say, you know," he whipped off his hat, his gay eyes sparkling in his flushed young, handsome face, "you simply can't sit there."

Almost with an effort, it seemed, Romance turned her head and looked him full in the face.

And he saw then, what he had only divined before, that she was as beautiful as a dream; that her eyes, in the flare of the street lamp, burning like a benison in the murk just beyond, were blue silk, her little pale face carved surely out of white satin, while her mouth put you in mind of all the little pink, helpless things in the world.

Her clothes, too, were almost as wonderful as herself. For from head to foot she was wrapped in a coat of some silky, lustrous grey fur, beneath which tiny, high-heeled shoes of silver brocade peeped out like little silver spiders upon the dark web of the night.

It was those little shoes that had at first attracted his attention to her.

One does not expect to find silver shoes fluttering uncertainly all by themselves down that Road of Sighs which represents the Embankment in the grey night hours.

As he stood over her he would not have been surprised if, even at that time and at that season of the year, he had heard a cuckoo calling somewhere, for all at once he smelt spring in the air—cowslips, violets, primroses, hawthorn buds—all the faint, sweet essences distilled by the first green months. . . . It was really, he discovered afterwards, only the scent from her hair.

He wanted to pick her up in his arms suddenly and carry her off to the waiting car. Instead, he said almost stupidly again, as she stared at him with a slight trace of pretty perplexity in her eyes—

"I say, you know, you simply can't sit there."

This time she answered him, and now the perplexity in her eyes had spread to her voice.

"Why can't I? . . . I've a perfect right, I suppose, to sit where I like."

"Oh, have you?" His gay smile broadened before her simplicity. "It's evident you haven't sat out here before at this time. Wait till a bobby comes along—there's one coming now, by the way—no, sit tight, don't move," he added quickly, as she gave a little shrill exclamation of alarm; "I'll tell him you're my sister."

He lit a cigarette with perfect nonchalance as the bulky form of a police constable drew near.

"It's all right, constable," he explained affably, as the arm of the law halted and stared suspiciously. "My sister and I stopped here a second or so ago just for a breath of air. . . . We've been dancing all night. . . . That's my car waiting there by the curb. . . . Come, Moira"—he touched the girl beside him familiarly on the arm; "we'd better be going now. No sense sitting about too long and catching cold."

"I managed that well, didn't I?" he chuckled, as he helped her into the soft darkness of the smart little yellow coupé, and got in beside her. "Where to now?" he asked, as they drove off.

Her answer amazed him. "How did you know my name was Moira?"

"Is it really?" He beamed like a delighted child. "I say, that's really rather wonderful, isn't it. . . . Shows we were meant to come together—sort of secret telepathy business, what?" He took one hand off the steering-wheel and felt for hers. "Lordy, but you're cold. Your fingers are like ice. . . . you want something to warm you."

They were passing a coffee-stall at the end of the road now. Its yellow flare caught his eye. "That'll be better than nothing. I'll get out and get you a cup of that. It'll be hot, at least," he said determinedly, stopping the car.

Rather to his surprise: "I'll get out, too," she said. "Please—I'd rather—I've never seen a coffee-stall quite so close as this before. It will be a new experience for me." She smiled at him fleetingly as she got out.

The half-dozen shabby and shivering London night birds of the less successful type gathered round the fragrantly smelling barrow turned and stared in silence as the pair of them came up.

But, true to the etiquette of their kind, they said nothing, and the coffee-stall proprietor, with barely a glance at his new patrons, took Monty's order with a curt nod.

Then suddenly, and with deliberate meaning, as it seemed, one of the ill-favoured crew began to speak.

"It was the neatest thing you ever saw—I will say that. There was he coming out of the theatre as smiling as you please, and, lumme, before you could wink, she was out with that there gun of hers. . . . 'Take that—and that—and that,' she says, firing hard all the time. When he fell down she ran off like mad before they could catch her. . . . Pretty as paint she was, too. . . . and young-like. But what I noticed about her most particular-like was those nobby little silver shoes she wore. . . ."

And suddenly everybody round the barrow was looking down at those little silver shoes.

The girl who wore them started so violently that the hot liquid in the cup she was holding splashed all over her hand. But she did not seem to notice it.

Hastily putting down the cup, she turned to Monty.

"Take me away," she said to him whimperingly, almost childishly.

The men about the barrow laughed not unkindly.

"Yes, take her away, guv'nor," said the one who had spoken first. "She's too pretty to hang. . . . And he looked a swine, anyway."

Romance—if indeed this was Romance any longer—was trembling so that he could feel the tremors that shook her, and her heart came thudding in great beats against his arm, as, dazed and bewildered, almost automatically he guided her towards the car.

"I'll not give you up—I swear I never will," he caught himself saying passionately, as he half helped, half lifted her into the car. She rested inert upon his arm, her long, pale lashes lying like frosted silver upon the white satin of her cheeks. Her mouth was the mouth of a badly frightened child.

"I'll take you to my rooms—you'll be safe there," he heard a voice that didn't seem his own say as they drove off. "And to-morrow we'll think of some plan."

"No, no!"—she clutched at his arm fearfully. "I can't let you be mixed up in this. I can't. . . ."

"Fiddle!" he said to that, laughing gaily, almost boisterously, refusing to acknowledge even to himself that this was sinister Adventure surely, rather than Romance that had hurled itself upon him.

Alone together in the snug security of his rooms, he fed her with hot soup, and opened a bottle of champagne to inspire them both with what he smilingly termed a little "Dutch courage."

"It's lucky, isn't it," he said as he held the glass to her lips, "that my man sleeps out? I'll find some excuse to hedge him off in the morning. Nobody will ever guess." Suddenly he put down the glass and stared at her. So little, so frail, so absurdly doll-like—and yet she had killed a man.

"How did it happen?" he asked quickly. "He was your lover, I suppose, and he treated you badly. . . ."

He saw her small hands clench suddenly where they rested on her lap.

"He was my husband," she said hardly then, "and he treated me—infamously. Always, from the first, there were other women. It wasn't only that"—her little mouth twisted painfully—"he drank, too—and gambled. . . . It was my birthday to-day—no—of course—how silly of me," she smiled wistfully as she glanced at the clock, "my birthday was yesterday. He had promised to come home early to take me to the theatre. Instead, he used the tickets to take some French girl he had been very pally with lately. . . . Somebody saw them going in and told me. . . . I think I went mad—I had endured so much already—this seemed to be the last straw. I followed them to the theatre—I waited till they came out—and then—I shot him with this—"

Somewhere from an inside pocket of the chinchilla coat she produced a little automatic revolver.

He stared down at its barrel, fascinated a second, then abruptly wrenched it from her.

"You mustn't be seen carrying this, child. It's enough to hang you. Good heavens, what madness!" Almost angrily he dashed across the room and pressed a button in the wainscoting.

A panel slid back, revealing a safe. Unlocking it hastily with a small gilt key upon his watch-chain, he tossed the revolver inside and banged the safe door to again.

"There—it'll take a Sherlock Holmes to guess where that pistol's hid now," he said gaily, as the panelling slid back.

She watched him listlessly. "How good you are," she said, smiling at him wanly.

(Continued on page 5.)



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Writing for Pleasure.

The current number of the *Strand Magazine* contains one of those curiously interesting quasi-autobiographical patchwork features known as a symposium. The title of this present symposium is "The Book I Most Enjoyed Writing," and the authors who contribute to it range from such eminent people as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sheer down to the 'umble writer who strives to engage your attention for the moment.

In reading this symposium I was struck by the fact that most of the contributors admitted to getting a certain amount of pleasure out of their work. The most notable exception was Mr. Bernard Shaw, who curtly replied that the question should be addressed to amateurs, not to workmen.

Mr. Shaw's reply was the more curious for the reason that he, of all people, is quite independent of his literary earnings, and has been so for many years. Much of his success is due, I think, to this fortunate independence. A writer, from the very nature of his calling, must have an intuitive knowledge of the public and what the public will stand—far more so than a publisher or a theatrical manager. It follows, therefore, that the independent writer, free from the necessity of keeping one eye on his lord and master, has the better chance of scoring a bull.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says that he has enjoyed writing all his books because they were not written to order. This is an attitude of mind which I cannot understand. Once your work is definitely commissioned, you are as free as the man of independent means. You are free, that is to say, to put all you know into the work, and the work should thereby gain.

Anyhow, that is my own feeling. I have often explained it to editors of magazines—with varying results. Some editors, unfortunately, have been soured. They have trustingly commissioned authors to write stories, only to be bitterly disappointed with the goods delivered. The moral of that is, "Know your author." Authors are not all alike, any more than horses or women are all alike. Some need the whip, some the kind word, and some the pole-axe.

Joy in Achievement.

Returning to the subject in hand, the actual business of setting down words, of course, can never bring enjoyment. It is a harassing, nerve-wracking, meticulous, wearying task. When an author tells you—if you ever condescend to talk to authors—that he enjoyed "writing" such-and-such a book; he does not mean that he was experiencing pleasure at the time when his shoulders were bent and his pen travelling over the paper. He was not. He was in a kind of mild agony, wondering when the flow of ideas and words would begin, or, if it had begun, when the barrel-organ would start in the street below or the gentlemen from the Post Office call to examine the telephone.

What he does mean is that he enjoys the travel of the boat between the strokes. He

enjoys the moment when he lays down his pen, gets up from his chair, and says quite aloud—you know, I presume, that all authors talk loudly to themselves—"If they don't like that they can go to hell!"

That is the best moment in a writer's life—when his day's job is done and he feels more or less sure that something good has come out of him. And the worst moment is at the other end of the job—when he knows that his table is waiting for him, and dreads lest, for lack of what old-fashioned people used to call inspiration, he is going to bungle the business and spoil everything that he has done up to that point. Many writers are so terrified of working when they do not feel in the mood that they give up writing altogether. This is



AT WORK ON A BUST OF HER HUSBAND:
LADY GREENWOOD, D.B.E.

Lady Greenwood, D.B.E., the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. Sir Hamar Greenwood, P.C., K.C. first Baronet, who was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1920 and did such good work there, is a clever sculptor, and is seen in our photograph at work on a bust of her husband. Lady Greenwood, who is the daughter of Mr. Walter Spencer, of Fownhope Court, Herefordshire, was made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire in the New Year's Honours List. She was married in 1911, and has a son and two daughters.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

a fact. They feel that obscurity and poverty would be preferable to the awful struggle that takes place every day when the moment comes to propel yourself to the writing-table.

Mr. Kipling's Advice.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has not contributed to the symposium in the *Strand*, but I think it was he who advised a young author to sit down at his desk every day, whether he had anything to write about or not. "Just sit there," he said, "with the pen in your hand and the blank sheets in front of you. If you are ever going to be an author, you'll write something before you get up."

Splendid advice. The best inspiration is the inspiration of the blank sheet. I always smile when I read that Mr. Herbert Elegant has retired to some sweet spot in the country or on the Riviera to write his novel or his play. What the devil can it matter what happens to be outside the window when your nose is nearly touching the paper? The best place to write in is the place you know best—your own study: then you won't be tempted to rush out and enjoy your novel surroundings. And the best view is a blank wall, because a blank wall cannot distract your attention.

On the whole, then, there is plenty of pleasure to be derived from writing, even when you write for a living. Ideal as it may be to write as an amateur, most of us, I fear, would never write at all unless compelled to do so. Well, a few very dainty little trios, perhaps.

A Novelist of Title.

Whether Lady Dorothy Mills writes for business or pleasure, I know not; but one always expects people of title to be very wealthy, so perhaps she does it for fun. At any rate, I am convinced that she derived immense pleasure from her latest story, "The Tent of Blue," which the firm of Duckworth beg to submit.

It is all about an extremely pretty little married lady whose husband was so jealous that the life of the poor little lady was intolerable. I fully believe it. I don't know why she stayed with him. His name was Geoffrey, and he was jealous of everything male that existed. Why he was not jealous of his wife's female friends is a complete mystery—or would be if Geoffrey was a possible person outside a nursing home for neurotics.

The chief female friend of the pretty married lady was a novelist called Mrs. Hobhouse. This sweet creature divorced her husband—it was a put-up job, you know—because he was too nice. She talks in this way:

"He was so infernally protective and possessive. He wanted to look after me all the time. . . . It got on my nerves. Life was intolerable, though he was a perfect dear. . . . He was very upset, but he is a very reasonable and intelligent creature, and he saw the sense of what I said. He insisted that I should divorce him."

All of which makes me wonder where Mr. Hobhouse kept his horsewhip. The scene should have been short and sharp, but very painful. There would have been no divorce, and much less gabble to young married women about the utter impossibility of "nice" husbands.

Well, children, things get to such a pitch that Mrs. Poynder on her Travels. Poynder, whose other name was Rachel, gets permission from her husband to travel to Africa with a married couple—entire strangers. The rotten husband, having stumped up for the tickets and all that sort of nonsense, goes to see her off.

"Geoffrey's unhappy face peered from the platform as Rachel leant from the window, waving, till the train, curving, swept her from his sight. Poor Geoff! He had been very miserable at her departure. She was excited and thrilled." [Continued overleaf.]

The Lawn-Tennis Season on the Riviera.



The Duke and Duchess
of Westminster.



Sir Samuel and Lady
Instone and friend.



Lady Essex & Mr. Scovel.



Lady Rocksavage



Lord Blandford;
Madam Balsan (formerly
the Duchess of Marlborough)
and Lady Joan Capell.



Lady Blandford;
Lady Hillingdon & Col. Balsan.



Mrs. Frank Mackey and Lady
Walker, with Clarke, Renée & Arthur.



Lady Rocksavage
& Lady d'Abernon (left)



Miss Maxine Elliott, Miss Flavia
Forbes, Miss Forbes-Robertson
and Mr. Lamb.

SPECTATORS AND COMPETITORS: ON THE COURTS OF THE CÔTE D'AZUR.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have been on the Riviera. In our photograph it will be noticed that the Duchess is wearing "sun-specs." to protect her eyes from the glare.—Lady Essex is shown with Mr. Scovel, who partnered Lord Charles Hope in the Open Doubles of the Monte Carlo Lawn-Tennis Championships.—Lady Rocksavage has been on the Riviera, but was back in town last week.—Mme. Balsan married Colonel Balsan, C.M.G., last year, and her son, Lord

Blandford, and daughter-in-law have been with her on the Riviera.—Lady Hillingdon is the sister of Lady Blandford.—Lady Joan Capell is the daughter of Adèle Countess of Essex.—Lady d'Abernon is a keen lawn-tennis player.—Miss Flavia Forbes is the younger daughter of Lady Angela Forbes; and Miss Forbes-Robertson is the daughter of Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson and niece of Miss Maxine Elliott.—[Photographs by Navello.]

Dear little woman! Sweet, ill-used little woman! Nasty jealous husband to let her go travelling half over the world without him! All tremendous feminine fun so far, you see.

You can imagine what happens. Rachel gives her married couple the slip, more or less, and falls in with a couple of perfect gentlemen, one of whom is an "intrepid explorer." His name was Hugh Tresham, and I want you to take particular note of this intrepid explorer because he had certain characteristics which are not characteristic of any of the intrepid explorers—and I have met a good many quite real ones—I ever knew.

Perhaps his most astonishing characteristic was the way he kissed. Well, you can imagine the way most intrepid explorers kiss. I have never seen one actually kissing a woman, but I feel sure there would be a peculiarly hearty touch about the business. Explorers have to make up for lost time. And they do not boast many boudoir tricks. Blunt, simple, downright, straightforward—that's the sort of explorer we raise in this country.

Kisses of Exploration.

Hugh Tresham, however, is a lady's explorer, and this is how he did it. "He kissed her again on the little soft place below the ear. 'You wouldn't believe,' he said, 'the number of times I've wanted to do that.'" Later, Rachel, the maritally misunderstood, kissed him. "In an impulse she could not resist, Rachel pulled gently at his hands, kissing once, twice, the little cropped hairs behind his ears. He dragged himself away roughly."

I can only suppose he was ticklish. But he had some more kisses for the much-injured little lady. They were back in London now, and she used to go to see him at his studio. And this is what the intrepid ruffian did.

"He was on his knees kissing her hands reverently as one kisses the hands of a saint."

(Rachel was, you know.) "Bending lower, he raised her foot and let his lips rest on the arch of her instep." (The exploring habit?)

No pleasure in writing? Nonsense! But I do feel sorry for poor old Geoffrey, who knew nothing about this new instep trick. Geoffrey went on being absurdly jealous. He also continued to apologise.

"You're an angel, and I'm down in the mud at your feet. I deserve to be hounded, thrashed, spat at. But I pray God that it isn't too late, that you'll forgive me. . . ."

That is the way, of course, for a rotten husband to talk to the sweet little wife of whom he is entirely unworthy. If only they would do it in real life! But alas! In real life they occasionally do just what Geoffrey did when he found out about the daily visits to Master Hugh at the studio. He went across and shot him, and then shot himself. Silly, no doubt. He should

have handed over Rachel to the intrepid explorer and wished him luck with the baggage. But Geoffrey was lacking in a sense



A CLEVER AUTHOR WHOSE SHORT STORIES ARE WELL KNOWN TO READERS OF "THE SKETCH": MISS LOUISE HEILGERS (MRS. CHARLES GRANVILLE) AND HER TWINS.

Miss Louise Heilgers, whose brilliant short stories so often appear in "The Sketch," is in private life Mrs. Charles Granville. Our photograph shows her with her four-year-old twin girls, Mary and Betty. Miss Heilgers is the author of "Tabloid Tales," "Babette Wonders Why," etc.; and this issue of "The Sketch" contains a "Tale with a Sting" from her pen.

Photograph by Curson Studios.

of proportion—an omission from his mental make-up which cost him his life.

Writing in the Train.

I remember reading somewhere about Mr. David Whitelaw that he wrote his novels in the train. Of all the ways of taking one's pleasures sadly, that seems to me

one of the hardest. I cannot read in the train, much less write in it. I rather like eating on trains, because the passing panorama takes one's attention off the business in hand without the bother of talking. I can really eat better in the train than anywhere. I should never suffer from indigestion, I am convinced, if I could afford to take all my meals at eighty miles an hour.

But that by the way. Mr. Whitelaw's latest miracle of concentration and dogged perseverance is called "Little Lady of Arrock," and Messrs. Chapman and Hall have fathered it. Well, uncled it, anyway. It is one of those stories that start in the present day, with jolly pictures of old innkeepers, and red curtains, and oil-lamps, and stone-flagged passages, and cosy bars; and then, when you have got your pipe well going and settled down to find out who did the murder—switches right away to some remote period called 1716!

Exasperating! Oh, very well and painstakingly done, but exasperating if you don't care a dump about 1716 as compared with 1922. However, Mr. Whitelaw knows his business. A whole heap of people prefer 1716 to 1922, and so a whole heap of people will thoroughly enjoy "Little Lady of Arrock."

A Couple of Murders.

I was once talking to a very famous actor-manager about plays. "The one quality essential to the success of any play," he said, "is—is—dear me, what's the word?" He snapped his fingers. He paced the room. I sat as quiet as a little mouse, because, naturally, I wanted to know the one essential quality. But he couldn't think of it, and I left him snapping his fingers and frowning his brow. By the first post the following morning I received from him a postcard. "Suspense," he had written. And that was all.

And suspense is also the one essential quality, surely, for a detective story. "Ravensdene Court," Mr. J. S. Fletcher's latest—I wish somebody would tell me if this is the same Mr. Fletcher who writes so well about Yorkshire—seems to me to lack suspense.

There are no less than two murders at the outset, which is one over the average. On



AUTHOR OF A CLEVER NOVEL, AND A BADMINTON EXPERT: MRS. R. C. TRAGETT IN THE ALL-ENGLAND BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Mrs. R. C. Tragett is the author of "Search," which she published under the name of "Margaret Larmine." It is a remarkable first novel which has aroused much interest. The author is a well-known badminton player and has been competing at the Royal Horticultural Hall in the All England Championships. Our photograph shows her playing in the ladies' singles.—(Photograph by S. and G.)

the same night two brothers are murdered—one in Northumberland and the other in Devonshire. And we have to worry out why they were murdered and who murdered them.

Now, I yield to no reader in my love for a good detective yarn, but "Ravensdene Court," somehow or other, left me cold. It was all too leisurely, and the chain of evidence was too often repeated. Undue attention, moreover, was given to a Mr. Cazalette, a remarkable little man who behaved in a highly mysterious manner for no particular reason.

I hate to grumble, so I shall say nothing more about "Ravensdene Court."



WITH AN EXAMPLE OF THE TOKEN FURNITURE SHE IS EXHIBITING AT OLYMPIA: MRS. "BETTY" JOEL, THE DAUGHTER OF SIR JAMES STEWART LOCKHART.

Mrs. "Betty" Joel, the wife of Lieutenant-Commander D. N. W. Joel, R.N., and elder daughter of Sir James Stewart Lockhart, K.C.M.G., is the designer of the oak and teak Token furniture which she is exhibiting at Olympia. Our photograph shows her with an example of her Token furniture.

Photograph by G. N. Fletcher.

The Tent of Blue. By Lady Dorothy Mills. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)
Little Lady of Arrock. By David Whitelaw. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)
Ravensdene Court. By J. S. Fletcher. (Ward, Lock and Co.; 7s.)

Snakes on the Hearth!



HUBBY (on his return): Went to the Natural Hishtory Museum with ole Jones; but came out after the firshst Act—rotten slow show.



THE DOCTOR: What sort of delusions?

THE PATIENT: Well; last night at the club I distinctly saw on the hearthrug a snake quite a majority of the members assured me wasn't there.

DRAWINGS BY A. T. SMITH.

Plays — Without Prejudice.

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY": THE EVERYMAN THEATRE.

The Roses and Raptures of Repertory.

There is always something a shade sinister, a trifle discouraging, about the term Repertory. It has an air of provincial gloom. It gives you a feeling of hard seats and draughty surroundings, with the Great Heart of Wigan (or Bootle, as the case may be) pulsing outside the door of the theatre. And something about the Struggle for Life going on behind the footlights. By a young lady who reads too much Shaw and eats too little meat. Which is profoundly unfair to Repertory.

The Northern Heights.

Because there are at least three enterprises in contemporary theatrical London from which you should be able to derive a far more cheering interpretation of the term. One of them is the Old Vic., which basks always in the sunshine of an excellent publicity. And one—and by no means the least deserving—abuts on the Fire Station at Hampstead which quells the spontaneous combustion of intemperate inhabitants of Fitzjohn's Avenue, and owes to the sonorous strike of its clock some of the most striking effects of contemporary stage-craft.

New Plays and—

And the queer thing about it is this. It purports, as do all heroic modern enterprises, to unearth Hidden Talent, to acquaint us with all that is best and brightest in the contemporary drama of Prague, Cracow, and Poughkeepsie, and generally to dazzle us with new discoveries. But its *trouvailles* are almost uniformly of a depressingness which is only equalled by the gloom of their box-office receipts. And the judicious management is perpetually driven to fall back on old masterpieces. Which is, to one humble judgment, the true business of Repertory.

Old.

The result, anyway, is enjoyable for all of us. Because when the masterpieces from Minnesota or the little-known gems of Czecho-Slovak dramatic art have failed to coax us into the stalls (and they are all stalls at happy, so exceptionally happy Hampstead), why, then they take down a pale-green volume from the shelf and do us some Shaw. And quite extraordinarily well they do it. There is no need for Mr. Macdermott to be so apologetic in his Note about the scenery. His company acts far too well for us to worry about the backcloth. And, even if they didn't, the grey simplicity of his *décor* has a real attraction.

Fanny and Her Play.

So you may go and recover old, pre-war titters by seeing them do "Fanny's First Play" again. The archness of the management about the author's name (which deceived nobody) has disappeared. Miss Lillah McCarthy no longer dominates the young lady from Camberwell—we beg pardon, Denmark Hill. And M. Lauzerte is not the conquering Frenchman. But their substitutes

laugh at her just a little too much. But she is a good actress.

Hard Work.

The men follow the familiar path quite admirably. Mr. Reginald Denham revives the elegant pre-Walkley figure in gold braid with real skill, because the part is intensely difficult and apt, if mis-handled ever so little, to become stupid and dull. Mr. Milton Rosmer was amazingly adaptable as the amused Frenchman: his movements were quite excellent, and the energy displayed in his exhausting *tirade* was admirably placed. So also, of course, Mr. Brember Wills and Mr. Hignett.

Seekers After Light.

So there you have a first-rate company acting a first-rate play—with more to come of the same calibre when they have done with this one. And London continues to rotate round "Berlin and Belgravia" and "Molly the Next Worst Girl," whilst it laments noisily the extinction of the British drama, without ever pausing to observe that it does its heavy-handed best to extinguish it itself. These outlying enterprises of real drama perform a valuable service. Not of the type which Honours Lists recognise with knight-hoods to actor-managers. Or even with O.B.E.s to early turns. But they do real work in keeping alive somewhere the knowledge that we have still plays by intelligent people and actors with brains enough to perform them. And that, in these days, is something.

The Crimes of Mr. —.

Because the West End is becoming, for the playgoer who is looking for something more than a mere place to smoke after his dinner, a howling, chattering wilderness. The actors blame the producers, and the producers blame the managements, and the managements blame the landlords, and the landlords blame the commercial gentlemen who have turned their genius to speculation in theatres. Well, perhaps they are all right. But if these Napoleons of Finance *must* find something to gamble in, it is a pity that they insist on gambling in the brains of the people of England. Because that is what it comes to; and it is useless to try and soften the situation.



"TROIUS AND CRESSIDA," AT CAMBRIDGE: AJAX AND PANDARUS.

are more than adequate. Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore acts surprisingly well as Margaret; and if Miss Hazel Jones is not Miss Dorothy Minto, she is at least Darling Dora. Perhaps Miss Margaret Carter does not quite recover the strange religious fervour of the original Mrs. Knox. She let us



"ON, MYRMIDONS, AND CRY YOU ALL AMAIN, ACHILLES HATH THE MIGHTY HECTOR SLAIN": THE MARLOWE DRAMATIC SOCIETY PRODUCTION OF "TROIUS AND CRESSIDA," AT CAMBRIDGE.

This photograph shows the death of Hector in the Marlowe Dramatic Society production of "Troilus and Cressida," which took place at Cambridge last week. Achilles is seen on the left of the group. Other photographs of the production are given on the facing page.

Photographs by Hills and Saunders, exclusive to "The Sketch."

Where all the Men and Women are Men.



ACHILLES.



AGAMEMNON.



AENEAS.



HELENUS, CASSANDRA, HECTOR & TROILUS.



HECTOR



CRESSIDA, PANDARUS, & AENEAS.



HELEN.



DIOMEDES. (kneeling) & TROILUS.



CRESSIDA.

GIVEN AT CAMBRIDGE BY THE MARLOWE DRAMATIC SOCIETY: "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA."

The Marlowe Dramatic Society gave performances of "Troilus and Cressida" on March 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11, and though the play was given with immense speed and enthusiasm, and the scenery and stagecraft were excellent, one felt the disadvantage of an all-man

cast. The intentionally comic passages were splendidly performed. Ajax had a rare bluster and conceit, Nestor was a fine old bore, and Pandarus justly delighted the audience; but Cressida and Helen are difficult feminine rôles for young men to carry through.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Lights of Paris.



The Princess in Paris.

What else can I begin with than the joy of Paris in learning that Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles are to spend a week or so here before their honeymoon ends? It is really true that all sorts of people are tremendously interested in the visit. There is something in the story of the marriage that catches the imagination of the French. I need not stop to analyse that something, since it has been sufficiently done in England; but it may be that the French have even more of the sense of romance than the British, and see the picturesque side of this event. Hitherto, however, it has been a far-off happening; the sojourn of Princess Mary and her husband in the French capital makes it real.

In the Faubourg. "We shall be neighbours of your Princess," exclaimed delightedly some friends of mine; and the idea of living next door or thereabouts to the daughter of the English King seemed to be particularly gratifying. The house of Lord and Lady Granard in the Rue de Varenne is in what used to be called the Faubourg St. Germain. The fashionable faubourg has nothing to do with the Boulevard St. Germain, though the boulevard is also in the faubourg. It indicates a whole district—the district of the ancient nobility of France. The old aristocracy is fast disappearing, but it is not entirely submerged in our bourgeois age. There is still blue blood in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Prince de Plaisance.

Lord Granard's mansion dates from Louis XVI. Standing in three acres of ground—a little park in the heart of Paris—it is built in the fine Italian Renaissance style of architecture. Like all these beautiful houses of the quarter, it has had a long succession of distinguished inhabitants. Among the best known are the Maréchal Lebrun, whom Napoleon created Prince de Plaisance—and to whom the Emperor gave this *plaisance*. There was recently, I believe, some talk of acquiring it as the American Embassy. And now it is prepared for the reception of the British guests.

Battle of Perfumes.

Mention of the old aristocracy reminds me of the struggle that has been going on for the possession of one of the organs of the Faubourg—*Le Figaro*. Its principal proprietor now is a *parfumeur*—certainly an honourable profession, and one that is indispensable for the *élégantes* of Paris. But it is not surprising that the comedians have been at loggerheads and that they have nearly produced a tragedy. M. Latzarus, the former editor, wanted to fight a duel with M. Alfred Capus, the new editor, who is a famous

playwright and a member of the Académie Française. His younger colleague and co-editor, M. Robert de Flers, took up the challenge. But friends have intervened. The air is no longer laden with the tragic perfume of *ambre*; it is pervaded by the faint fragrance of *eau de roses*.

Figaro's Philosophy.

It is surely always better to obey the injunction of Figaro himself and hasten to laugh for fear of crying. The comedy remains a comedy. As for M. Arthur Meyer, of the *Gaulois*, the veteran who has been the foremost journalist of the Faubourg since the Second Empire, he eventually decided to keep out of these quarrels and to remain at the head of the *Gaulois* until 1927, when, at the age of eighty-three, he will think about retiring.

Bon Goût.

I have already referred to the elegant audiences at the Vignon, and to the series of lectures delivered by men and women in the public eye. The latest *conférencier* is Jean-Gabriel Domergue, the charming painter who is *à la mode*. Precisely, he talked about *la mode*, and about good taste. Some of his epigrams were delightful. There are, he said, two sorts of *goût*—the *bon goût*, which is what one has, and the *mauvais goût*,

which is what others have. If you find that a woman is pretty and beautifully dressed, she will find, in return, that you have excellent taste. *Goût chez les femmes* is above all *la mode*. And about *la mode* M. Domergue had some amusing things to say.

La Mode.

Generally *la mode* at the beginning is shocking, and even ugly. Only two or three people dare to follow it. But gradually *la mode* spreads, and at last is discovered to be altogether *ravissante*. The tercentenary of Molière is destined to inspire the new fashions in dress. There will be *chapeaux Molière*, and there are already *souliers Molière*. There will soon be the *robe Molière*. He prided himself on having created the new mode in feminine form. For the fashion is not confined to clothes and external ornaments—it goes deeper, and in some sense depends upon the physical structure that women in different ages adopt and change obediently. He took for illustration the paintings of the nude by a succession of artists. The nudes of Ingres, for example, are high-waisted, and the nudes of Watteau low-

waisted. If Whistler invented the silvery London fogs and was afterwards copied by Nature, other painters invent feminine silhouettes and are duly copied.

Studies in Scarlet.

We are told—but then we have been told this so often—that red is to be introduced in the most daring manner during the spring. Everywhere the eye will be greeted by studies in scarlet. This is a risky colour. I believe that this report about the advent of red is well founded, for I have myself seen startling figures that might have stepped out of a canvas by Toulouse-Lautrec. Even in the Bois de Boulogne colour-schemes of blue and vermillion have been seen. Amazing umbrellas of black silk with red ribs and tassels make their appearance. Red heels are becoming common. Even gloves are red.

Old-Fashioned Dances.

In some of the *salons*, however, there is a real reaction against the daring dances that have been in vogue for some years, and it is actually sought to return to the old-fashioned pavane, to the stately minuet, and to the graceful valse. The ecclesiastical authorities in Paris have been the implacable antagonists of the tango, the shocked protestors against the shimmy, and at last they seem to have succeeded in stemming the tide and in persuading many people that greater decorum is desirable in the dance-room.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



WITH PIERRETTE HANDBAG: A SMART BLACK-AND-WHITE TOILETTE.

This Riviera visitor is wearing a black-and-white model showing the bold embroidery and the wide sleeves which are a feature of the moment. The vanity bag, which looks at first like a doll, is a cunning receptacle for Madame's purse, powder-puff, handkerchief, and so on. —(Photograph by T.P.A.)



EDGED WITH AN OPENWORK DESIGN OF ITSELF: A NEW MODEL FROM NICE.

If Madame does not desire to have her spring dresses embroidered, there is another fashionable alternative. They may be adorned with openwork embroidery of cut-out material. The effect is extremely smart, as this snapshot shows. —(Photograph by T.P.A.)



THE NEW "SLASHED" EFFECT: BLACK AND WHITE AT NICE.

Black and white is immensely popular, and the latest models have a novel slashed effect. The coat on the left of our photograph is cut in an openwork pattern, to show the white dress worn under it. Longer skirts and much embroidery are other features.

Photograph by T.P.A.



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GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



In "Beaufortshire." A busy week. The other Tuesday a topper from Shipton Wood in the afternoon, and chagrin on the part of those who'd gone home first. Ash Wednesday, a literal "wash-out" in the Sodbury Vale. Where have all the foxes gone? Perhaps the storms were useful to freshen up the jaded Royal Wedding guests, including our bridesmaid; "Dosey" Brinton, who looked after all the pretty little dears so nicely; and some of our Guardees, who'd come in for escort duty. Thursday, a gallop in that far-off Hilmarton country that the enterprising participants rubbed in as something extra. Friday the point-to-point and the Greenways dance. Saturday, a regular day out with Master—miles and miles of mud and water in the morning, and a jolly over a pet patch in the afternoon. Sundays are devoted to stud inspection (straws in mouth), lunch-parties, "hunting the treasure," and kindred pastimes. It's a hard life.

The Point-to-Point. Everybody was at the point-to-point, which was on the stormy side, though not seriously so. What a galaxy of beauty! Rarely, surely, have so many well-known and good-looking people been gathered together on one wind-blown hill-top! You'll see pictures of some of them on this page and others. Even macintoshes could not mar the artistic effect altogether.

The Duchess didn't wander far from her wagon, and the Duke had a poor view from his car—of the races, though not of the concourse. In fact, only the start and finish were really visible. Lady St. Germans, who was staying at Greenways, wore one of the fish-girl caps she affects—blue this time. Lady Di was in grey, as usual; Lady Mainwaring sported a red macintosh tammy. The Evelyn Gibbises, Lady Mary Cambridge, the Cheshams, Portarlingtons, Ednams, Mrs. Arkwright, Mrs. Capel, Lady Cowley, the Kingscotes, Lords, Malise Grahams, Harfords, Menzies, Hankeys, Fullers, Mrs. Cyril Ward, the Cators, Brasseys, Lysleys, and Leonard Taylors. Of "captains courageous" there were Lord Gough, the Spicers, Bobby Vivian, Trevor Horn, the O'Callaghan, Charles Mulholland, Victor Gordon-Lennox, Phil Donner, the Welsh Guards contingent from Malmesbury, and Gunners galore. And "the only Burghie"; Frank de Tuyl, one of the stewards; Dosey Brinton, judge; Bill Harford, starter; and the immaculate Mr. Nell, and Sir Delves Broughton, out of bandages at last. Lord Ednam ran the "shivering" grey, but didn't get very far.

Lord Portarlington did not run the pink horse, strange to say, though the fair friend who had a mount on him the other day found him

a little too fast, if anything. Maurice Kingscote got quite an ovation when he romped home on Warbler in the heavyweight race. Lord Worcester took the chair at the farmers' luncheon, and then rode a horse called Chairman—pure coincidence, you know—into third place in the light-weight race. Pretty Mrs. Malise Graham looked delighted to see the Colonel win the open race.

A Very Successful Dance.

Nearly everybody—everybody, that is to say, who is rich, smart, amusing, and therefore popular—was at Mrs. Sidney Hankey's party that night. Mrs. Hankey is the second of that ilk, and her stepson, Tom, who was in the 9th Lancers, recently married her sister, Miss Angela Head, so they are quite a happy family party, all mixed up anyhow. The dance was voted the best of them all—Vassey's band, supper going all night, and "bubbly" flowing in one continuous stream—till the final course of eggs-and-bacon and beer was served at 5 a.m.

Do you wonder some of us were a bit late at Foxley Green? And the fox was out of Baker's Gorse like greased lightning. Ugh! the going! Slip-slop-splash and flop!



AT THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES: LADY HOLFORD, THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, AND LADY ST. GERMAN.

Lady Holford is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Holford, K.C.V.O., C.I.E., etc., and a daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft; and Lady St. Germans is the married daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. [Photograph by S. and G.]

Apsley was out from Cirencester, and pretty Miss Violet Meakin. Lady Chesham, going along as usual; Lady Suffolk (no one looks nicer on a horse); Lady St. Germans, and all the usual crowd, including the Westonbirt, Seagry, Lyegrove, and Grittleton contingents.

Monday's meet was timed for 10 a.m., to give the Eton boys an extra hour; these including the Harford twins, Lord Carlow, the Ward and Stanley hopefuls, and sundry other small fry.

The Cottesmore.

The Exton meet was, as usual, rather small, but it grew as the morning went on, for we generally hang about the wood for some time, thus giving the laggards plenty of time. The author of "The Love Story of Aliette Brunton" was piloting his wife, and amongst others I saw pretty Nancy Lubbock, Lancelot Lowther (in his distinctive pink coat), gallant Rosie Clayton, and Owsley Rowley, who is very proud of his new son. After a lot of galloping about that nice park, we moved off to Cottesmore Gorse, and later had a good gallop to Stapleford.

Saturday turned out beautiful after a wet morning, and quite a crowd arrived at the meet. A lot of motors too, one of them containing Mary Duchess of Hamilton and

Lady Graham, both thoroughly enjoying seeing their old friends, and looking at the country where they both cut such good figures before the war. Alas for the good old days! A stranger to these parts was the gallant Sir Alexander Godley, who arrived with the Blairs. "Dick" Molyneux was out, and his nephew, the extremely youthful-looking lord of that name.

Pretty Mrs. Atkinson, too, I noticed. She looks far too *petite* for big-game hunting; but she's a wonderful shot, and kills lions and tigers and all those sorts of creatures with the greatest of ease, I'm told!

The Belvoir.

The Belvoir met at Sproxton on Wednesday. It had rained all morning, and is a longish way from Melton, and the field



AT THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HUNT POINT-TO-POINT MEETING: MISS CLUTTBUCK, MRS. ROBERT FULLER, AND MAJOR ROBERT FULLER.

The Duke of Beaufort's Hunt Point-to-Point Races were held at Bushton last week, and there was a big attendance, which is further illustrated on other pages of this issue.

Photograph by S. and G.

—then bellows to mend. The immaculate three hundred were soon all alike, smothered in the too affectionate Wiltshire mud. Our over-night hostess was "grounded," and caked from top-hat to boot-toe. Alack! that recent blue habit! Lord

was not a large one. A few Cottesmoreites, including the Master, were out. Preceded by thunder, drenching rain fell during the first hunt. Hounds, while on the line of another fox, put up an out-lyer a few yards in front of them, coursing him back through the field. It looked as if they must kill him before he reached the first fence, but he survives!

Miss Hollins, the American lady golf champion, was mud from head to foot, having had a nasty fall over some rabbit-netting run against a thin fence. She goes well astride, and is staying with Mrs. Burdon at Kirby Hall.

A big field met at Landyke Lane on Friday, finding a fox at Clawson. He took a very unusual line through Holwell Mouth, Scafford, Melton Spinney, Thorpe Ashes to Garthorpe—a seven-mile point. The hunt lasted an hour.

The evening hunt from the Round covert at racing pace was one of the things of the season. Passing over a fine line of country, hounds never checked till they reached Sproxton Thorns. Mr. Gale was the only person really in the hunt, which was too fast for catching up. Horses were almost ridden to a standstill. The line continued more slowly to Annes Gorse, where hounds lost their fox.

(Continued on page xiv.)



Hughes

Were commanded to supply one of the principal
Wedding Cakes
 to Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the Marriage of
H.R.H. Princess Mary

It was made from selected materials garnered from all
 corners of the British Empire, and the emblematic decora-
 tions were designed and executed by British Confectioners
 (men and women) who are regularly employed in their Works.
 Realising that the event is worthy of permanent record, a
Souvenir Booklet
 is in course of preparation, giving a description of the
 manufacture of the cake, the sources from which the
 materials came, and illustrations of the cake from different
 angles. Applications for a copy of this Booklet will be
 dealt with in rotation and should be addressed to Dept. K.

Alfred *Hughes* & Sons, Ltd.

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P.W.

BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL

THE BIRMINGHAM CAKE

Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.



Flat Traps and Parasites.

I can hardly conceive, at the present time of men (mostly retired or ex-officers) out of a job and often at their wits' end to find one, anything more mean than the flagrant attempts which are abounding on all sides to relieve them of any little capital they may still have. It is doubtless only too general, but it certainly excels itself in the motor world, into which every man considers himself fully qualified to enter at the top or near it. Moreover, many of the jobs, especially the outdoor ones, are more attractive to men who have knocked about than office stools and fixed hours. On all sides more astute folk are flying kites to attract the anxious innocents. Some of these traps are possibly more or less honest in intention, but commercially hopeless—attempts to rake in even the smallest sums to bolster up a tottering scheme which was in itself stillborn. Others are flagrantly dishonest on the old confidence-trick lines. You want a job; you invest so much as a token of good faith or because the gents who are dangling the job wish "all working in their scheme to have a financial interest"; you are to draw a more or less nominal salary and are lured by big potential commission—perhaps you pay your expenses or perhaps you don't, if they are only a small item. You put, and they take—every time! Your "capital" investment will pay your niggardly screw for some time; and before it is exhausted the philanthropic concern will be in liquidation—or have made good, *je pense que non!* It is at its best a vicious form of hand-to-mouth finance, especially in these days, and more often than not very near the knuckle.

Balloons of Adventure.

During the last few weeks I have been asked to advise upon several of these "put-and-take" bubbles, and have managed to pin-prick some of these balloons of adventure. In one case the philanthropist who was trying to extract a mere miserable monkey out of an old friend of mine, and lowering his terms promptly at each refusal, appeared in the Carey Street Gazette within a fortnight of signing promissory letters full of great prospects and bursting with optimism. It is only another example of the uncertainty of human things. He has my sympathy, but not my friend's money—which, after all, is the great thing. Frankly, I advise nobody in search of a job to be

flat-trapped into parting with dribblets of capital, especially in dud, or at any rate parasitic, offshoots of the motor industry. It is no secret that it has been and is going through a bitter fight for its own existence, largely owing to its dependence upon the prosperity of other industries outside its own doors. Some have gone under—mushroom weaklings in the main. Other and better ones may find that their tensibility will not

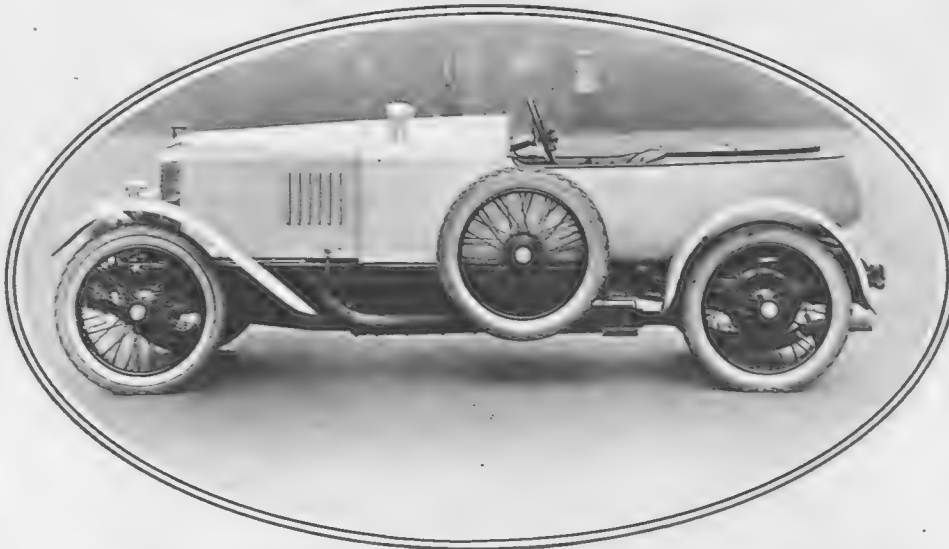
oddmments and buying penny-plain instead of tuppence-coloured. So I ask you, my co-optimists, who expect great things from small beginnings, what chance does a new gadget or the most ingenious extra at eighteenthpence stand at this moment in this world of woe?

My advice, I repeat, is, whether honest or dishonest, to cut out all these outside propositions and new ideas for which no one has any cash or any use. I doubt if one per cent. of such offers will pull through, and that is sflight. If I were O.C. Scotland Yard I would start a department to answer this type of "small" advertisement.

The Taxi Tax. I read statistics about everything sumshus coming down in price; but the only thing I ever find come down on a taxi is the red flag with a greedy premature whump. Now I don't want to be unsympathetic, as I know some quite nice taxiarchs (as well as some brutes), but I do think that the time has about arrived, in their interests as well as ours, when the price ought to come down here. Better

is an eightpenny fare with a probable tip than an empty cab while you play put-and-take in the nearest shelter or get a bob bare from most short jobs. People are hard up, and

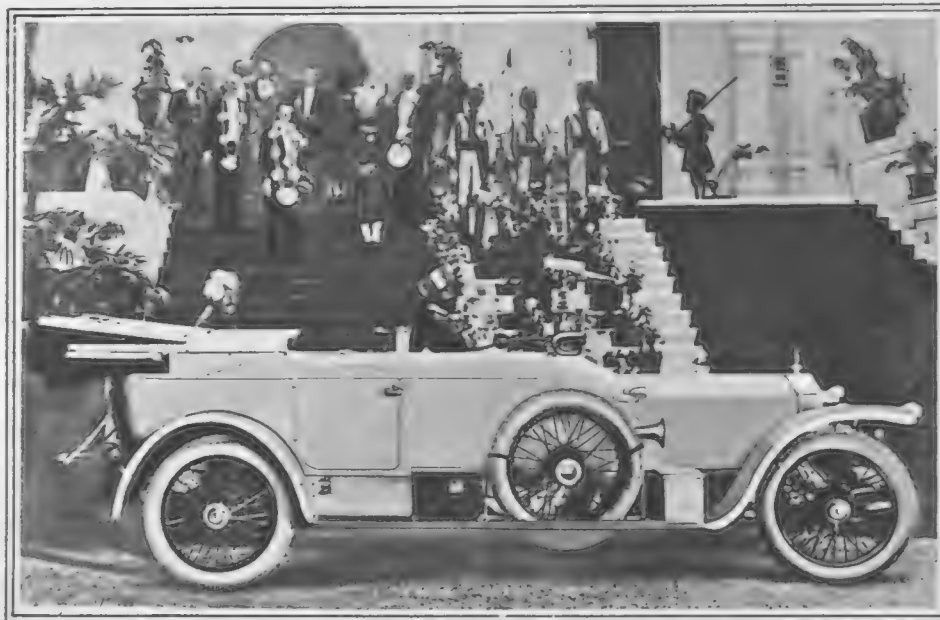
they can cut out taxis and are doing so. Therefore the taxi-merchant is only cutting off his own beautiful bulbous nose to spite his classic countenance by playing at "up fares." I am sure that a return to normal would very greatly increase the volume of use of taxis as well as the abuse of their myopic autocrats of the wheel. At any rate, as suggested recently in the House, why not grade taxis according to age, in order to encourage the newer and better ones? It is done in Paris and other Continental towns; and why should you pay the same rate for a filthy old rattletrap with the remains of one cylinder coughing and grunting as for a car you would gladly own yourself privately? Such grading would be beneficial all round; and it is only fair on the better-class men with the better-



WITH A THREE-SEATER BODY IN ALUMINIUM: A UNIQUE TYPE OF SPORTING VAUXHALL.

This unique type of sporting three-seater body in aluminium, designed and manufactured by Messrs. Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., and fitted to one of their famous 30-98 chassis, has been made for Mr. Drysdale Kilburn, Managing Director of Messrs. Shaw and Kilburn, Ltd., 174-182, Great Portland Street, W.1.

stand the strain. The best will come through. But, when the best are pulling in their belts and putting up their coat-collars, what about the accessory firms dependent upon the



CEREMONIALLY GARLANDED IN NATIVE FASHION: THE PRINCE OF WALES ABOUT TO ENTER HIS ROLLS-ROYCE, IN INDIA.

This photograph was taken on the steps of the Palace of H.H. the Maharajah of Rutlam. It shows the Prince and his suite, wearing their ceremonial garlands, descending the steps of the Palace, where H.R.H.'s Rolls-Royce is waiting to convey him and his suite on a further tour.

motor manufacturers themselves? The strain upon them is greater still—incomparably greater, especially as in these economic days what purchasers there are are cutting out all

class machines. Some of the old taxis on the streets of London are a positive scandal for smell and rattle and all-round discomfort.



The Toast is "DUGGIE"

"GENTLEMEN! On this happy occasion, I have pleasure in proposing the toast—'Duggie.'"

"It has been my pleasant experience to have many eminently satisfactory transactions with the 'Prince of Turf Accountants'—whose enterprise eliminated all old-fashioned restrictions. He originated all the great concessions which we backers enjoy to-day.

"Moreover, anything 'Duggie' advertises is honourably carried out, and above all, he never quibbles.

"May he live long to continue satisfying us backers, and let us hope his success is maintained.

"Join me in drinking the toast 'Duggie'—the best known and straightest sportsman in the World."

Why not write to-day and open a Credit Account?

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London.

"Duggie NEVER owes."—*Sporting Times.*



Marshall and Snelgrove have used gold lamé embroidered with bronze beads, copper thread, and yellow stones to create this charming hat.

Whispers from Paris.

The silhouette remains the same, the skirts are gradually lengthening, the belt is still worn low on the hips, and the vital question of the day is certainly—trimmings. An original garniture is the essential feature of every gown, and the imagination of the clever dress-designer appears unlimited. Silk, leather, old-fashioned rococo ribbon, steel, and china are some of the materials used for belts or appliqué trimmings. Broderie Anglaise has returned, and is noticeable in the most unexpected places, and applied to every sort of cloth, silk, or velvet. Beads, of course, are very much used, and some are so tiny and so beautifully worked that from a distance they appear like a pattern woven into the gown or costume they decorate. Printed foulard, crude and startling, is cunningly introduced into a sombre frock, transforming it to a creation of *grande maison*.

Ornaments and little pink Trimmings.

The palest of shells wired together to form flowers, and twisted up with a length of green velvet ribbon, make a charming belt for an evening gown. Dyed shells, cleverly arranged to suggest bunches of delicate sweet-peas or apple-blossom are often used on the corsage of a dance frock or to ornament hats. Beautiful girdles are composed of plaques of painted china, or circles of ivory and steel threaded on silk cord. Other delightful ornaments are made of dyed nacre representing fantastic flowers and fruit; these are used to hold drapery in place or to finish a wide tulle sash. Leather and suede acorns look charming in connection with serge and gabardine; while narrow lace, dyed the most vivid colour and sometimes beaded, is another unusual garniture.

WOMAN'S WAYS

By MABEL HOWARD

Shoes and Gloves.

Hand-painted shoes and gloves are amongst the latest novelties across the water. The palest of suede and soft kid shoes, suitable for wearing with a tea-frock, are painted with flowers in delicate shades, or sometimes with leaves a tone darker than the shoe. Dancing slippers are extremely low at the point, only just covering the toe, and are often finished with a soft bunch of ostrich fronds. The elastic-side walking shoe is still a favourite, but this season the elastic appears on one side only, and is hidden under a flat ribbon cockade. The latest idea for a lace-up shoe is a jewelled tie. The eyelet-holes are very large, to allow a ribbon having jet or steel tassels to pass through easily. Black and white gauntlet gloves are worn with almost any coloured *tailleur*; the gauntlets are often beautifully embroidered. Dull white kid gloves have large gauntlets painted with sprays of faintly tinted flowers which are truly exquisite.

New Hats for the Spring.

The thought of buying a new hat is always a real pleasure. Nowadays, when the small hat is as much in favour as the large one, it is possible to indulge one's fancy and choose the most beautiful colours and materials. The hat pictured on the left of this page is made of gold lamé and tulle; it was sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. The crown is of tulle, and the upturned gold front is cunningly embroidered with bronze beads and copper threads, while transparent yellow stones are inserted here and there. On the



Poppy petals and georgette in the natural poppy shade make this most delightful little toque — sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

right is depicted a charming little toque composed of poppy petals with a twist of poppy-red georgette swathed neatly round. Cherry-and-gold shot lamé forms another of Marshall and Snelgrove's models. This exquisite fabric is draped round a crown of blue tulle, and the whole is veiled with tulle, finishing in a big, outstanding bow on one side.

Frocks for the Little Ones.

Simplicity and perfect workmanship are the two great points to remember when ordering clothes for the children. Rowe, 105, New Bond Street, emphasises these features and combines them with elegance. The charming frock which one of the tiny tots pictured on this page is wearing is carried out in shot-jade taffetas. Note must be taken of the hand-made roses in green, blue, and brown taffetas that ornament the little puff sleeves. The other small person has a frock of pink organdie broderie Anglaise, finished with a sash of pastel-blue ribbon. If this dress is intended for the summer, a pretty little mob-cap is made to match, with blue streamers hanging behind. One of the newest overcoats is of soft pink material, with collars and cuffs of pink-and-white plaid. This coat is cut on perfectly tailored lines, and the necessary fullness is held at the waist on both sides by an invisible elastic — a wise precaution, for there is no risk of torn gathers!

At Edinburgh.

Mme. Barri, of 31, Baker Street, has just returned from Paris with a wonderful collection of frocks which she is showing at the North British Hotel, Edinburgh, on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd of this month. Everyone is invited to call and see Mme. Barri; and, in addition to many beautiful evening gowns, she has some delightful children's dresses.

(Continued overleaf.)



The small person on the left is wearing a frock of shot-jade taffetas, finished at the sleeves with hand-made roses. Her sister is showing to advantage a broderie Anglaise dress of pink organdie ornamented with blue ribbons. Rowe, 105, New Bond Street, is responsible for both models.

Miss Renee Kelly
wearing a—
Condor Hat

CAMERA STUDY BY
DOROTHY WILDING



Condor Hats

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exclusive &
individual
interpretations
of the mode
for formal or
informal
occasions.

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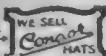
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Look for the Sign



The Fame of Ciro Pearls

has spread throughout the World.

THE extracts we give are genuine and entirely
unsought expressions of satisfaction and
admiration from the thousands of letters re-
ceived from clients in all parts of the world.

Chile.

"Many thanks for your most prompt attention to my order. The pearls arrived in excellent condition, and are greatly appreciated. They are a most marvellous substitute. Comparing them with Bolivian pearls, I cannot detect any difference in colour or general appearance."

Shanghai.

"I must say that they are the best I have yet seen. There are many kinds of Japanese 'Cultured' pearls sold here and in other Eastern Cities, but on comparison with 'Ciro Pearls', the difference is more than obvious, and I must congratulate you on the production of a very superior article at a moderate price."

Southern Nigeria.

"I may say I am very pleased indeed with the quality of the pearls, which far exceed even my greatest expectations, and I shall not hesitate to show them to my friends with a view to furthering the interests of your business."

Norwich.

"Mrs. — is more than delighted with the 'Ciro' necklace. The exquisite sheen of the Pearls, their limpid beauty and delicious colouring are a joy to behold, and they rival the cherished possession of a friend who owns a real pearl necklace."

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of one guinea, we will send you a necklet of 'Ciro Pearls' 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings or any other 'Ciro Pearl' jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. 'Ciro Pearl' necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 5 sent post free on application.

OUR ONLY
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Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street, London W.1 Dept 5

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Our Showrooms are on the First Floor,
over Lloyds Bank, Near Piccadilly.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

The Charm of Bead Embroidery.

The mode of embroidering flimsy, delicate materials with beads of every description is certainly extremely pleasing. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, have some charming examples of blouses and jumpers designed from this idea, and a visit to their show-rooms will convince every woman that a bead-embroidered tunic is a very necessary accessory to her wardrobe. The jumper pictured on this page is carried out in white silk jersey attached at the sides by a soft tie, and ornamented with steel beads. The price is 69s. 6d., and it can be obtained in black and colours. A long tunic of coral-coloured georgette is another beautiful creation. This is striped all over with transparent white beads, while the hem and bottom of the wide sleeves are heavily embroidered in a bold design. Petunia-coloured crêpe-de-Chine forms an elegant jumper; this is decorated with crystal, black, and silver bugle beads, producing a gleaming effect of translucent colour which defies description.

About Coat Frocks.

Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, are showing a charming collection of coat frocks suitable for the spring. These artistically designed gowns can be obtained in an almost innumerable range of materials and colours, embroidered, beaded, or braided. The sketch on this page pictures a frock of navy-blue gabardine ornamented with killed



Navy blue gabardine ornamented with little killed frills is used for this charming coat frock. It was sketched at Swan and Edgar's.



When a white silk jersey jumper is embroidered with steel beads, the effect is delightful. This one was sketched at Dickins and Jones'.

braided. The wide sleeves are finished with frilling, and the lace-up front is always becoming; the price is 6½ guineas. Putty-coloured gabardine, cut on straight lines, forms another coat frock. This is lavishly embroidered with Sphinx beads sewn on in the favourite sunray motifs, and costs 5½ guineas. Jade crêpe marocain trimmed with bugle beads makes another effective dress. The corsage is straight, the sleeves are long and wide; while the skirt, which is attached below the waist-line, is decorated with flat pleats sewn with beads from waist to hem.

Prepare for April Showers.

"March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers." This is quite true; but, unfortunately, the showers continue in May, and there is nothing more unpleasant than a soaking, even when accompanied with the delight of picking primroses and violets! Now Burberry's, Haymarket, have a large selection of garments—overcoats, costumes, and short coats—that are weatherproof, and therefore unhurt by the wildest of spring showers. The loose-fitting coat sketched on this page is made of rainproof gabardine, and is ideal for the country. The skirt of striped tweed is buttoned at the side from waist to hem, giving absolute freedom when necessary. Another costume, cut on the same lines, is of brown and white check; but the collar and pockets on the coat and skirt are bound with soft powder-blue suède which lends a charming touch of colour.

Corsets of To-Day.

It is the ambition of every woman to be graceful and perfectly gowned; yet often a well-considered, beautifully finished dress lacks that vague something that gives it the *cachet* of a great *couturière*. Women do not always realise that this is not the fault of the frock, and in many cases their own figures are to blame. A well-designed corset will often transform a mediocre gown, and no tailor-made costume can hope for success without its foundation to build upon. Warner's rust-proof corsets are designed by a highly qualified artist who is in constant touch with the leading modistes of London, Paris, and New York, and is

therefore in a position to regulate his models in accordance with the prevailing fashions. One of the great advantages of these corsets lies in the fact that they are guaranteed rust-proof. The Warner corsets have a reputation of fifty years' standing, and the output is so great that the actual cost of each corset is extremely low. They can be obtained from all houses of prestige from 8s. 11d. to 4 guineas. Coutil, broché, silk brocade, and elastic are used, and the designs are so numerous that every woman will find exactly what she desires combined with perfect comfort and durability. Write to 76, Wood Street, E.C., for an illustrated booklet, which will be sent gratis and post free.

Violets all the Year Round.

Everyone likes a bunch of violets—indeed, there is some subtle charm about this sweet-smelling little flower that gives it an almost personal place in every woman's



April showers have no effect on Burberry's weatherproof gabardine! The skirt accompanying this coat is of rough striped tweed.

affections. The Misses Allen-Brown, the Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex, will send you a bunch of perfect violets by post at any time of the year for 4s. 6d. They also grow carnations and sweet-peas; the prices, of course, vary according to the season. The Misses Allen-Brown have the most delightful English violet compressed bath-tablets, twelve in a box for 5s. 9d. As it is impossible to give all details concerning the Violet Nurseries, it is better to write for an illustrated catalogue—then you will appreciate the great variety of toilet accessories, violet-scented sachets, etc.

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BOVRIL



*Prevents
that sinking feeling*

ROMANCE.

(Continued from page 433.)

"I shall never forget." Her eyelids drooped tiredly over the tired blue eyes.

He realised suddenly she must be worn out.

"Not another word," he exclaimed authoritatively. "You must go to bed at once and get a bit of sleep. We can talk about the other thing, including my goodness, in the morning. You must have my room—oh, I insist!" as she made a faint negative gesture. "It won't hurt me to sleep out here on the sofa for once."

But, long after she had gone, treading so gently that she seemed to fade into the intimacy of that other room like a little silver dream, he sat thinking by the dying fire—thinking out how to save her from the consequences of her indiscretion—he simply couldn't bring himself to call it crime.

The clock had gone five before at length he fell asleep uncomfortably with his head upon his chest.

The winter sun streamed through a gap in the velvet curtains straight into his eyes when he woke up again.

From the front door came the sound of knocking. Contrary to custom, he had barred the front door last night, and an aggrieved Dawson was duly registering notice of the fact.

"Better send him off on an errand, I expect, while I talk over—with her—what's to be done," he told himself, as he switched back the curtains. "I say; that's funny!" Turning round again, he found himself staring at an open safe looming ominously from a gap in the panelling.

Surely he had slid back the panelling last night. . . . He was quite certain that, at least, he had locked the safe.

He walked closer to it, and found that it was empty.

Empty of all its contents, including at least seventy pounds in cash, valuable personal jewellery, and ten thousand German marks. He didn't mind about the marks so much—he had bought those more or less for a joke. But the other things—and—by Jove!—the pistol—that had gone, too . . .

So had the little gilt key upon his watch-chain. Heedless of Dawson's thunderous knockings, he dashed across to the bed-room opposite and flung open the door.

But the bedroom was empty, too. A faint perfume of cowslips in spring hung still intangibly upon the air—that was all.

Like a man in a dream he walked across the hall and let in Dawson.

"Began to think there was a murder here as well, Sir," that worthy said, as he handed him the morning paper. "That was a shocking affair last night, and no mistake. But I'm glad to see they've got the party as done it."

Glaring headlines leapt to Monty's eyes as he glanced dully along the front page.

MURDER OF A STOCKBROKER.

WIFE GIVES HERSELF UP AT MIDNIGHT.

FULL CONFESSION.

She had given herself up at midnight; then how on earth could she have been wandering alone on the Embankment two hours afterwards?

He put down the paper with a trembling hand.

"Get me on to Dean Street police-station," he said savagely to the amazed Dawson.

"I think we've located your party for you," the Inspector rang him up two hours afterwards to say. "Little and fair and thin; dressed up to the knocker; it seems one of the Yard chaps saw her leaving your place early this morning. He's had her under observation ever since—grey fur coat and little silver shoes he says she was wearing—you could swear to that I suppose, Sir . . ."

Monty drew a long breath.

Little silver shoes. Once again a vision of those exquisitely pretty little feet scared his memory. How confidently they had tripped beside his own clumsy ones along the moon-washed Embankment, and now he was to be their guide down the long, shadowy road, unwashed by any moon, that led to gaol.

His hand tightened suddenly on the receiver. "'Fraid you've got hold of the wrong end of the stick, Inspector," he said evenly then. "My girl was dressed in something thick and darkish, with black lace-up boots. I—er—particularly noticed the boots. . . ."

And even as he spoke the words, two little silver shoes seemed to be doing a gay little grateful fox-trot on his heart. [THE END.]

It is to be regretted that, owing to a clerical error, Mrs. George Gordon Walker, who recently married the only son of Mr. George Paterson Walker, chairman and managing director of the famous John Walker Distilleries, was referred to in a recent issue of *The Sketch* as Mrs. G. Paterson; but, of course, the very visible mistake must have been noticed.

NAPIER

Six-Cylinder Motor Carriages.

Unrivalled!

Gradually, yet surely, there is increasing recognition of the supremacy of the 40/50 h.p. Six-Cylinder Napier.

By its general all-round excellence, the Napier has proved itself—in the hands of users, and under the Official Observation of the Royal Automobile Club—the best of the super cars.

In design it is more advanced than any other car in the world. Its high-grade workmanship and material is traditional. It has officially *proved* its reliability, speed, economy, and hill-climbing capabilities—a run will convince you how vibrationless, silent and comfortable it is.

There is no other car in the world—no matter its power, cost or reputation—to approach the British-built Napier—the *proved* best.

Under the Official Observation of the Royal Automobile Club the Napier covered 2118 miles—including 70,000 feet of Alpine climbing—at a petrol consumption of 18·7 miles per gallon. No water or oil was added during the trial, and *no work*—beyond oiling and greasing—was done to the car. Speed on Brooklands—72·38 miles per hour.

D. NAPIER & SON. LTD.

14, New Burlington Street, W.1.

Works. ACTON, LONDON.

W.3.



Breast Fed is Best Fed

NATURAL feeding is the duty of every mother and the birthright of every child. A medical authority states: "*Maternal nursing is not merely one method of feeding an infant—it is the only right way.*"

To ensure an adequate supply of milk and to enable the mother to maintain her strength while nursing, "Ovaltine" should be regularly taken throughout the entire nursing period. With much advantage it may also be taken before the birth. The baby will become robust and healthy and more immune from infantile ailments.

A nurse writes:—"Four recent patients who took 'Ovaltine' before the birth of their babies have each had a beautiful baby and in each case the mother has been able to breast-feed her little one."

"Ovaltine" is a delicious beverage containing the concentrated nourishment extracted from malt, milk and eggs.

"Ovaltine"
gives Health
to
Mother
and Baby!



OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Enables Mothers to Breast Feed their Babies

Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.

Manufactured by A. WANDER, LTD., 45, Cowcross Street, London, E.C. 1.
Works: KING'S LANGLEY.

THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

The Broken Pledge.

The ways of the medical student are hard. Back through the centuries, to the days when the first young man was known to study alchemy, he was unquestionably "broke." Through the ages, too, his means of raising money have ever been the same. Two sources have always served—the one, his father's bank-book, from which comes a supply once a month, and most of which supply goes to redeem security which he has left with "Uncle"—no relation—who is the other source. For the past four years a typical medical student has been in the habit of sending the janitor to "Uncle's" with dress-suit and suit-case all complete, the janitor regularly returning with three pounds. This practice has continued since the suit and outfit were worth twenty of the best, at least. Last week the janitor returned from his usual trip and, handing over eleven-and-six, said, "'S'no use, Sir. I made a mistake. I went there in the daytime. The gen'l'man examined your suit an' 'e could see 'is fice in the back of the coat. 'Eleven-an'-six,' 'e said; 'an' t'aint worth that, only you're an old customer.'"

To a modern woman, contour is of much greater import than conscience. And why not?

Without a Stain.

Bulrush Jake was the very terror of the community that dwelt in and round the one-horse town of Red Gulch City. That is sufficient to indicate the country where this scene is set. Jake was an outlaw of the most dangerous type, but he happened to be a great friend of the Sheriff. One day Jake

killed a Chinaman. He was charged and brought before the Sheriff for trial. There seemed, from the evidence, little chance of Jake escaping with his neck until the Sheriff spoke. "See here, you guys," he pronounced, "I guess I know as much law as there is to know in this country; but I can't find nothin' in it about any Chink. In the law of this country there ain't no sich thing as a Chink, so the prisoner couldn't possibly kill one. Bulrush Jake, you're discharged."

The One-Card Trick.

With the aid of some bread-crumbs, an out-of-work actor cleaned up a much-fumbled visiting-card on which were printed particulars of himself and his earlier "shops" and sallied forth on a sort of busman's holiday. Eventually he managed to get a stall in a house where he had once played a small part. It was a poor show, and in the middle of the third Act he stalked out in high dudgeon. In the vestibule he was met by the manager, who asked how he was enjoying the play. "Enjoying!" exclaimed the guest of the house. "Enjoying, indeed! I think it's perfectly rotten, Sir, and I'm afraid I must trouble you to return me my card."

Hock Off!

A new lady resident in that part of Bayswater where such institutions exist went into one of those miniature general stores that hold an "off license." She approached an immaculate young gentleman surrounded by "Best Port" and said she would like some Hock. The young man bowed and said, "Certainly, Madam; bacon—next counter; not my department."

Marriage is neither a mistake nor a mystery; simply a miss, or, perchance—a widow.

"To Be or Not—"

She was an ingratiating little creature—a bright, vivacious wit—and she was placed at dinner next to a very highbrow author who really had no interest in women at all, much less in witty women, whom he considered as unsexed. Having tried all topics and subjects, the little woman turned again on a new path and suddenly aroused his interest by asking, "Do you keep bees?" With a glow of strange but unaffected interest, he admitted that he did keep bees. "I thought you did," she murmured resignedly. "But whatever made you think I kept bees?" urged Mr. Highbrow, at last finding what appeared to be a mutual interest. The conversation ceased with her haphazard reply: "Oh, you're the sort of man who would."

Somewhere in the heart of every man there shines the love of a woman—unfortunately, outshone, as a rule, by the love of himself.

The Crime.

Two knockabout comedians were waiting their turn in the wings of a South London music-hall. They were delayed on account of the apparently interminable singing of sentimental ballads by a popular but inefficient artist. During their wait their talk turned to a favourite subject with comedians—criminology. This brought the question as to who was the greatest criminal lawyer. One name was mentioned, and found a great supporter in one of the comedians, who avowed, "Why, jes' think wot 'e's done. 'E got that feller off wot 'anged 'is mother; then 'e got that bloke off wot murdered four children; an' on'y last month 'e——" But he was interrupted by his companion, who exclaimed: "Well, I wish to Gawd 'e'd get that bally singer off!"

(Continued overleaf.)

"Let a man think as he will, but he shall command no other man to think it"

John Drinkwater puts these words into the mouth of Oliver Cromwell. Here is a great truth that the world needs to learn: and particularly that the democratic world needs to learn now.

John Drinkwater may drink water or he may drink Haig & Haig Whisky, or, indeed, anything that he wants to drink and let no man presume to say he shall do otherwise.

There are some things that we must not decide by a majority vote. One of these things is whether or not you, and we, and John Drinkwater shall, or shall not, drink water.

Being free people we do not need other opinions on this. Our own opinion is all that matters.

Haig & Haig

are publishing this advertisement throughout the world. They have two objectives:

- (1) To stem the tide of democratic tyranny;
- (2) To forward their own business interests. They believe that they are sending all over the world the best Whisky that goes from Scotland.



HAIG & HAIG LTD.

(Distillers since 1679)

57 SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON, S.E. 1





Finest Old
Tawny Port
6/6
W & A Gilbey Ltd



ATTRACTIVE AND INEXPENSIVE TRIPLE NINON NIGHTGOWN

THIS smart Triple Ninon Nightgown has been specially designed by our own artist and made in our own workrooms from really high-class materials.

Write for Catalogue.

New Sleeveless NIGHT-GOWN, made in good quality triple Ninon, entirely hand-made, trimmed with a fine Dagmar washing lace, finished with small tucks at waist. In ivory, lemon, flame, sky, mauve, pink.

Price 39/6

Dainty Boudoir CAP to match ... 18/9

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

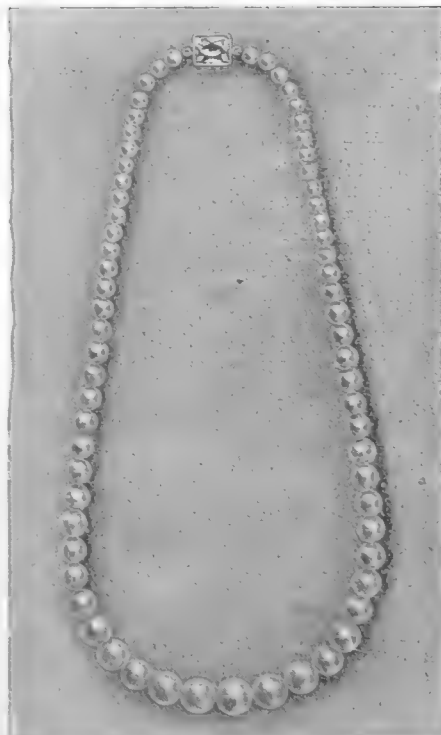
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SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

The "Sphere" says:—
A row of wonderful Sessel reproduction Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste.

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings.



Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

The "Bystander" says:—
In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces.

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

From £2 : 2 : 0 Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case, £4 : 4 : 0 From £2 : 2 : 0

Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in Exchange. Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free. NO AGENTS.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd.),
14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Continued.]

Obvious.

Above the silence in a Tube train that had stopped in the depths of the tunnel there was heard this conversation: "Mummie, why has the train stopped?" "I suppose, darling, it's because the driver turned off his engine." "But why, mummie?" "Well, darling, we can't tell why until we get to the station." "Mummie, if you ask me, I 'spects it's because he can't get past the train in front."

If you wish to know—wrongly or rightly—
How to carry on happily—brightly;

Regard all flesh as grass;

Look at life through a glass;

But look at it "Through a Glass Lightly."
SPEx.

The Eccentric Club succeeded in finding a unique gift to present to Princess Mary on her wedding, as they gave her the earliest known miniature portrait of Queen Victoria. It was painted from life by Anthony Stewart for the Duchess of Kent, and shows the late Queen Victoria as a baby of under two years. It is mentioned in Bryant's "Dictionary of Painters" and Williamson's "History of Portrait Painters," and there is a copy of it in the Royal Collection at Windsor. The Eccentric Club have now arranged that copies in colour of this interesting miniature (suitably framed) may be obtained for the sum of five shillings from Mr. V. C. Mallan, 106, Edgware Road, W.2, and that the profits from the sale will be given to St. Dunstan's, which is still in need of money to carry on its wonderful work for the blind.

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

(Continued from page 442.)

A Lovely Hunt with the Quorn.

The Quorn on Monday met at Wymeswold. Quite like old times to see the whole Laycock family out—celebrating, I hear, the boys home from Eton. We had a lovely hunt, parts of it fast—ringing—and greatly spoiled by plough and seeds. After the recent rain this country was riding very heavy.

Captain Loewenstein did not seem very happy on a terribly fresh horse, which was rather taking charge. The Loewensteins gave a very good dinner and gramophone party the other night. Pinfold is one of the best hunting-boxes near Melton, and the chef superlative, we understand.

Major Horace Webber is still laid up after his nasty fall on Monday. He is always schooling young horses, or bad ones, and has more than his share of the ground, but is, nevertheless, one of the best across country and an exceptionally fine rider.

The V.W.H. (Cricklade).

These hounds have been having some extraordinarily good runs lately. This may be accounted for by the recent heavy rains, which have made scent good.

The run from Down Ampney House on Saturday last, where they met by invitation of Captain Sidney Dennis, was, so Mr. George Heigham told us, one of the fastest runs he has had in Wiltshire. He knows what he is talking about, too, for he is generally well up with hounds, as he was on this occasion. A good straight fox took a large field at a rattling pace to Stanton House, the residence

of the Hon. Charles Agar, where the fox was killed. We noticed a young nephew of Captain Dennis's taking hold of his mare's head and shoving along. Colonel Lawrence, of Kempsford, has a famous grey which is able to go over the obstacles. He was enjoying himself and going strong, as were many others who, when hounds run, sit down and ride. You wanted a good stayer to see this run.

Mr. Andrew Chillingworth was receiving the congratulations of his many friends in the hunting field on winning the United Farmers' Race at the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt Point-to-Point Races at Bushton on March 3 with Prime Dutch, a chestnut horse which has won many point-to-points for its owner.

The V.W.H. (Cricklade) Point-to-Point will be held, as usual, at Blunsdon on Tuesday, April 4, over the usual course.

Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds.

This last week's sport has been very good. Monday they met at Newton Don, but at the Lodge, as the house is shut up. They found a fox close to the house, and had a good though rather slow hunt over Stichel, Hume Castle, to Greenlaw Moor, where they got on to another one. A very bad storm of thunder and hail came on, and most of the field came home, though the hounds didn't get in till after six.

The *Sphere* for March 18 contains an interesting four-page section illustrating "The Pirates of Penzance." The same issue also contains a special series of pictures illustrating the work of the famous Holloway College.

"Why is Your Hair so Lovely?"

How proud she is as she runs her fingers through her hair rippling loose in "waves of glory" and she remembers the envious question "Why is your hair so lovely?" And yet her secret can be yours:

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Your hair is healthy at the roots. Bring forth all its luxuriant beauty with the nourishment contained in Rowland's Macassar Oil. Let it feed your poor hair to strong vigorous growth. When shopping to-day get it at any chemist, stores, or hairdresser you pass - 3/6, 7/-, 10/6. Golden Colour for Fair or Grey Hair.

ROWLAND'S
112 Guildford St., London, W.C. 1.

**NOT ELECTROLYSIS
NOT A DEPILATORY**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR and follicle permanently and painlessly destroyed by an **ENTIRELY NEW METHOD**. ANY HAIR GROWTH can be treated by us without trace or pain.

A MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY.

Consultations free.

A permanent cure guaranteed.

HELEN CRAIG, THE SOLRAY CO., 15, Hanover St., Regent St., W.

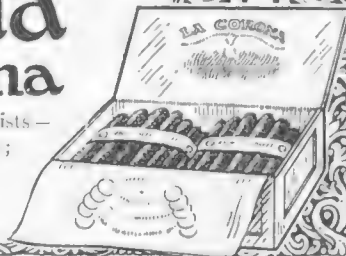
Ask for it by its full name—there are many indifferent imitations.

Many Cigars bring manufacturer and retailer more profit—none bring smokers more satisfaction.

La Corona Half-a-Corona

Obtainable from all high-class Tobacconists—
118s. per 100, packed in boxes of 100;
or 31s. per box of 25

MELBOURNE HART & CO.,
31-34, Bevington Street, E.C.2



Estab. 35 Years. Highest Awards. 12 Gold Medals.

HARRY HALL

UNEQUALLED VALUE. PERFECT FIT. EXCLUSIVE MATERIALS. BEST STYLES.

"HALLZONE" IDEAL

GOLD MEDAL

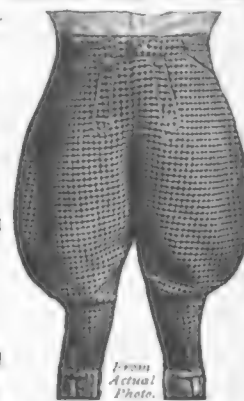
RIDING BREECHES

42/-

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

from £6 6 0

Perfect fit guaranteed from simple self-measurement form.



Ladies' Salon 207 Oxford St. W.1.

RIDE ASTRIDE HABIT

from 11 Gns. Regd.

The most Practical and Distinctive Habit obtainable

VISITORS to LONDON

can leave RECORD MEASURES

or ORDER & FIT SAME DAY.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

207 OXFORD ST., W.1

149 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2



For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1s 2s & 4s

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

**LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES**

Specially Trained for Protection

against

BURGLARS.

For LADIES' GUARDS, Etc.,

from 10 Gns., Pups 7 Gns.

Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts.

Tel: 52 Broxbourne. 30 mins. from Liverpool St., G.E.R.

The SMARTEST MODELS in GOWNS · WRAPS · HATS

Paul Caret 23 RUE ROYALE · PARIS

and at 16 ORCHARD ST., LONDON. W.1.



BECAUSE "Super-Reduso" Corsets are designed purposely and exclusively for the full figure, they appeal, as no other corset can appeal, to the lady whose figure is of generous proportions. Cleverly adapted from Smart American models, "Super-Reduso" Corsets combine the style of New York with the *chic* of Paris, and endow the full figure with a slender-like grace and poise which is at once apparent to even the most casual observer. Differing shapes for differing types of full figure. Ask to see them at

Harrods

LTD.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

and Houses of Prestige everywhere

Wholesale: 23, London Wall, E.C.2.

**SUPER-REDUSO
CORSETS**

PURE NEW WOOL & WEATHERPROOF



AQUASCUTUM Coats are made in many styles. Colours include fawns, browns, greens, lovats, greys, etc. Conservative patterns for Town and formal wear, distinctive stripes and checks for Sports and Country wear.

Price from 6 Guineas

"Aquascutum" Coats sent on approbation against remittance or London Trade reference. Mention of "Sketch" will bring Catalogue and Patterns by return Post.

Aquascutum
LTD. REGISTERED



By appointment to H.M. the King and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

100 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"SECURITY and six per cent.—" The Broker was saying, but The Jobber interrupted with:

"The usual weekly Meeting of the Mutual and Self-Congratulation Society will be held in the vestry this morning at—"

"All I was going to remark was that we shall have to replace our favourite slogan with another."

"Showing a lower rate of interest."

"Just so. It begins to look like Safety and five per cent. Don't you think so, Sir?" he asked The Banker.

Who agreed that the tendency of money is certainly drifting in the five-per-cent. direction.

"I think, you know," he added, "that at anything under par the 5 per cent. War Loan is almost as cheap as any stock. I know it may sound rather ridiculous to make such a statement."

"We said the same thing when the price was 88," The Broker recalled.

"And I am pleased to believe that a good many people then arrived at the same conclusion," said The Banker. "For we receive many letters from customers to tell us that they bought War Stock between 85 and 90."

"Wanting to know, I presume, whether you think the stock ought to be sold, and what you would suggest for re-investment of the money."

"Yes," The Banker answered. And left it at that.

The City Editor, a shade of disappointment in his tone, tried a line with a less obvious bait, but the fish was too wary to bite, and:

"What d'you mean by 'par'?" asked

The Engineer. "You say the War Loan is cheap up to par. Now, do you intend to say 100, or the issue price—which was 95, I well remember?"

"'Par' means 100, surely," The Banker replied.

"But," said The City Editor to The Jobber, "if I were to say that you are over par—"

"You'd be a liar," and there was a sound of finality about it which bade The City Editor walk warily. But The Broker had no such delicate nicety of perception.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Not feeling a bull of yourself this morning? Get caught out of Shells yesterday? Or can't you get your Boat-Race book right?"

"Go on away," laughed The Jobber. "I've got to get another suit of clothes, now that we have arrived at the middle of March. And I can't afford it."

"Rotten, isn't it?" sympathised The Engineer. "What I'd like to do is to forbid any tailors' advertisements appearing in the spring-time."

"Hear, hear!" assented The Merchant. "You know you're beginning to look shabby; your wife rubs it in to the same effect. And these confounded tailor-chaps, with their pictures of men looking the same as you would if you had the clothes—oh, my giddy aunt!" And, head in hands, he rolled in mock anguish from side to side until—

"They ought to be stopped altogether," repeated The Engineer. "These advertisements. They catch a man in his weakest moment; at his weakest spot—"

"In his week-end suit."

"... And they fairly force him into their shops, even if he hasn't got a ha'penny to take the wife to Brighton with."

"I always go third myself," said The Jobber. "But—a ha'penny?"

"What ought we to do with our Home Railway stocks?" asked The Engineer. "Some of us have thumping big profits."

"But if we sell, what are we to do with the money?" inquired The Merchant. "It's no use putting it on deposit."

"You can always invest it in War Stock, without any fear of a loss. And to put off selling stock simply because you don't know what to do with the proceeds is a hopeless policy."

"Then you think we should sell our Home Rails?"

"I didn't say so," The Broker protested.

"Certainly not your Debenture and Preference stocks," added The Banker. "Those in the trustee lists I am thinking of, naturally."

"There's no great supply of stock in the Railway Market," The Broker pointed out. "And very little comes to market after even such rises as we've seen lately. Why should you sell? I can see no valid reason for doing so."

"Is it right to sell anything at all just now?" was The Merchant's perplexity. "Money's cheap. . . ."

"And is going to be, so long as trade continues quiet. Good gracious me!" and The Broker jumped to his feet. "We're almost there. I was going to tell you that some of my pals are tucking away Rubber shares."

"Silly fools!" scoffed The Jobber.

"Remains to be seen. If you pick out shares in concerns that have got money left and can see another year's loss, if necessary, you can't go very far wrong, it seems to me."

"Well," returned The Jobber. "You may be right. After the boom in gilt-edged stocks, rubber, you think? Wouldn't we all love it to happen? What ho!"

Friday, March 10, 1922.



A change for the better!

HALL'S DISTEMPER

This decoration excels in combining brightness with perfect cleanliness; in making rooms beautiful, yet cosy and comfortable. Hall's Distemper further excels in cleanliness and economy.

Re-decoration loses much of its discomfort when you decorate with Hall's Distemper. It is quick, and entirely free from the objectionable smell of paint. Hall's Distemper walls retain their freshness and beauty long after wallpapers have become faded and dirty.

At your annual Spring-cleaning Hall's Distemper walls will revive like new if gently washed with a sponge and clean cold water.

Hall's Distemper is used and recommended by all leading Decorators. It is sold in tins by Decorators, Oil and Colour Stores, Ironmongers, etc., everywhere.

Sole Manufacturers:
SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., HULL,
and at 199^B Boro' High St., London, S.E.1,
and 105 Bath St., Glasgow.

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

SANDY MACDONALD

SCOTCH WHISKY



SANDY MACDONALD SCOTCH WHISKY can be compared to a very fine old vintage Port, for just as a rare, luscious bottle of good old wine is the product of only the best vineyards' best years, so is Sandy Macdonald the product of only the best distilleries' best years.

MACDONALD, GREENLEES & WILLIAMS
(Distillers), LTD.,
15, Quality Street, Leith, Scotland.

TRIUMPH



THE open road, where so many pleasant hours can be spent a wheel, makes an irresistible appeal to the cyclist, because he realises that leisurely touring—so easy and universal—places within his reach an ever-widening vista where good views and good country abound.

The pleasures of the outing are further enhanced if you are mounted on a no-trouble TRIUMPH, because you have at all times an assurance of satisfaction and a machine which will give faultless service.

Motor Cycle or Cycle Catalogue sent Post Free on request.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY.
London: 218, Great Portland Street, W.1
and at Leeds, Manchester and Glasgow.
Agents Everywhere.

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To Stop Headaches
Send to-day for a
Free Sample of

GENASPRIN

(The Safe Brand of ASPIRIN)

Don't take dangerous narcotic drugs for headache, but swallow two Genasprin tablets disintegrated in water. They stop the pain and quieten the throbbing nerves, instantly and harmlessly.

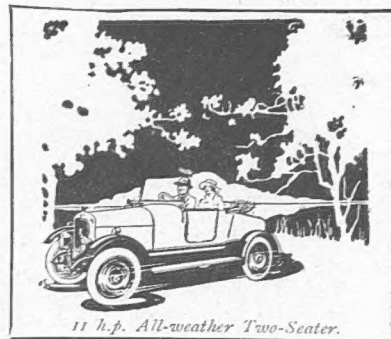
MISS RENEE KELLY, the distinguished actress, writes: "I think your Genasprin is really wonderful. For two years I have frequently suffered from very painful nervous headaches, and nothing seemed to do them any good. At last I was persuaded to try Genasprin, and I have much pleasure in testifying that it completely cures these headaches almost instantly. I was all the more surprised at this because I had previously taken ordinary aspirin without the slightest benefit. I must say, too, that Genasprin is very soothing and steady to the nerves, and as you guarantee it to be quite harmless, I think it should be a godsend to members of my profession."

To obtain the Free Sample

Simply send us a twopenny stamp—to cover the cost of postage—and we will forward you a testing sample of Genasprin, together with an explanatory booklet by return. Please mention this paper when writing.

GENATOSAN, LTD. (British Purchasers of Sanatogen Co.)
LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.
(Late of 12, Chenies St., London, W.C.)
South African Representative:
Mr. G. F. Oldfield, P.O. Box 816, Cape Town.

You cannot do better than invest
your money in a Hillman



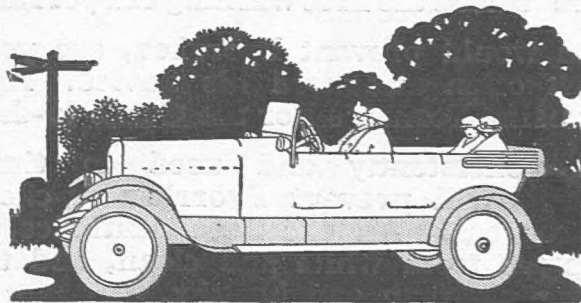
11 h.p. All-weather Two-Seater.

DISTINCTION, quality, power and reliability characterise the HILLMAN All-weather Two-Seater. In it are combined all the individuality, beauty, power and distinction of more costly cars, with the economy of cost and upkeep of a light car. It is an ideal car for dual motoring, with full accommodation for two extra passengers if desired. Roominess, comfort and accessibility are a marked feature, whilst the manner in which the car "keeps to the road" will be appreciated by the experienced driver.

11 h.p. HILLMAN All-weather Two-Seater £495
11 h.p. HILLMAN Four-Seater Coupé .. £630
11 h.p. HILLMAN Two-Seater Coupé .. £570
11 h.p. HILLMAN Four-Seater Touring £550

Specifications and full particulars from
THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.
COVENTRY.

Hillman



The British Cubitt Car contains all those factors that make for complete car satisfaction. You have but to see and ride in the new Cubitt fitted with Cantilever Springing to be convinced of its pleasing appearance & its comfort.

Power, giving quick acceleration combined with excellent hill climbing capabilities, is an outstanding quality.

The Cubitt is an economical car, not only due to its first low cost, but to its low maintenance figures—it is built for long service.

Proof of these qualities is found in our booklet "50 reasons." Write for a copy.

5-SEATER
£467

Cubitts'
Engineering Co., Ltd.
Showrooms:-
56, Conduit St., London, W.1
Service Station:-
258, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1

2-SEATER
£460



Ready for Opportunity

For days the director's choice hung in the balance between two able men. This one was called to bigger things because he had placed the true commercial estimate on health.

It pays to take good care of the teeth. Thousands have their efficiency lowered and their resistance to disease cut down by their failure to heed the first warning of Pyorrhea.

If you would prevent Pyorrhea, see your dentist often and heed his advice. Also start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day.

Used consistently and used in time, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. An excellent dentifrice, it keeps the teeth white and clean, and the gums pink, firm and healthy.

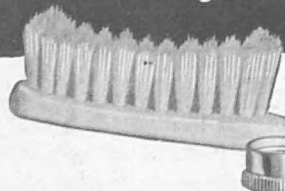
Brush Your Teeth with Forhan's—How to Use It.

Place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on a wet brush. Brush your teeth up and down. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush.

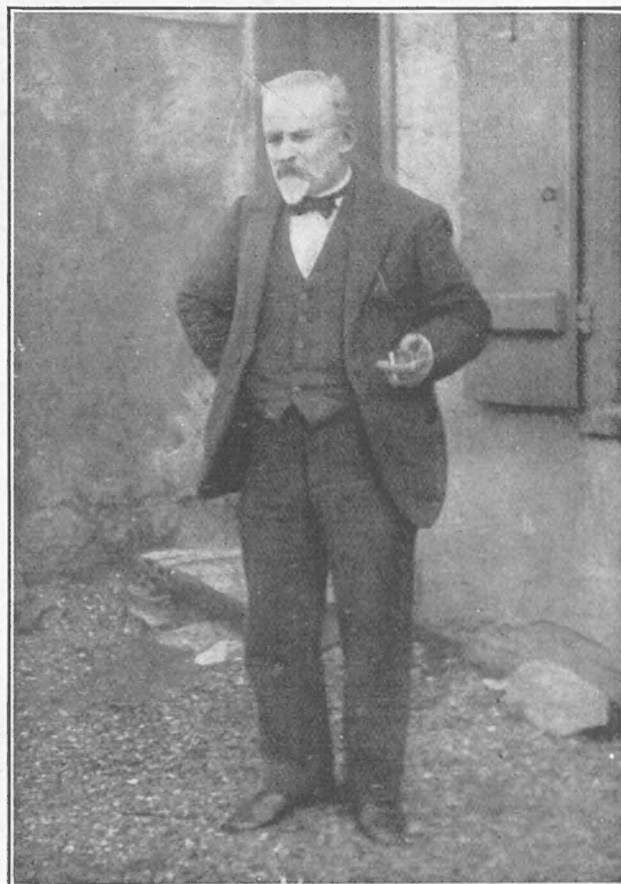
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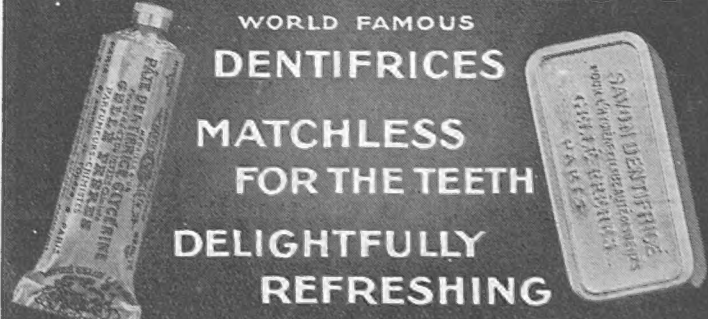
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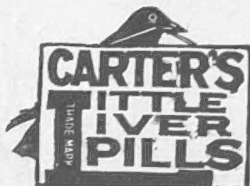
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